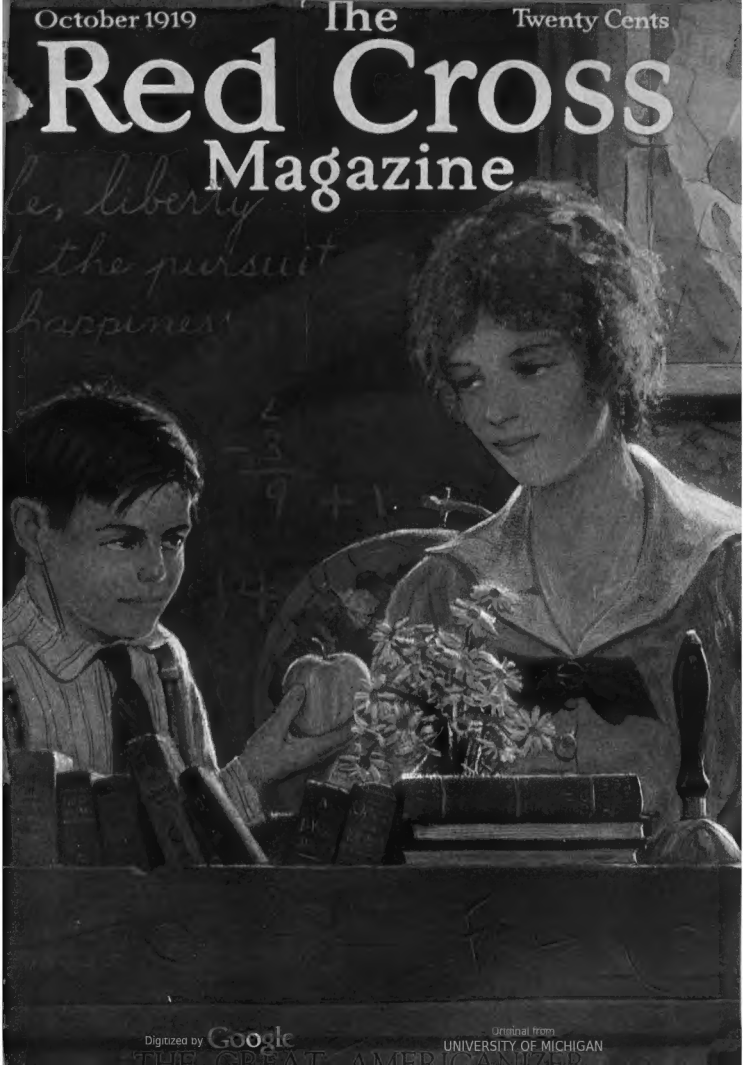
October 1919

The Red Cross Magazine

Twenty Cents



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Service that is cheap because everybody gets it

At nearly every turn we depend on some one to furnish us with a necessity.

Take electricity, for instance: It is a low-priced service because many homes co-operate in buying from a big plant.

Water is pumped into your house so cheaply by a waterworks supplying thousands of people that you could not afford to build your own system.

We see bakeries selling bread cheaper than the housewife can make it because they turn out so many loaves.

Ice is put into the refrigerator cheaper than we can freeze it ourselves.

Quantity production always costs the least.

When a big firm like Swift & Company supplies you with meat it cares also for the by-products and thus reduces the difference between live and dressed costs—a benefit to all concerned.

If Swift & Company's profit of a fraction of a cent per pound were eliminated entirely from the meat delivered at your door, it would make practically no difference in the price.

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A nation-wide organization owned by more than 30,000 shareholders

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Sealed Tight—

Kept Right!

Next time you buy a package of WRIGLEY'S take note the way it's wrapped.

The Flavor Lasts

AIR TIGHT and IMPURITY PROOF

It's not enough to make WRIGLEY'S good — it must be kept good.

Hence the sealed package.

232

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The Red Cross Magazine

YOUR MAGAZINE; MY MAGAZINE; OUR MAGAZINE

YOU, as one of its owners, will be interested to know that THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE is now fully entered upon a new and broader field of usefulness.

Your magazine has learned the great lesson of the war, and henceforth it will aim to be the great get-together magazine of America; the common meeting ground for the American people; the real community service magazine for all of us.

Your magazine? Yes, truly, *your* magazine, *my* magazine, *our* magazine. We are all shareholders in it—it literally belongs to the American people, for it is published by the American Red Cross, which draws its charter from the American people.

In enlarged size, text and illustrations, the September and October issues are forerunners of still better things to come. If your subscription expires with this issue, you will surely want to continue in the big family of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE, and send in your renewal at once.

By authority of National Headquarters of the American Red Cross, subscriptions to the magazine are now made direct to the magazine and without reference to membership in the American Red Cross. So, in renewing your subscription, simply send your name and address, together with One Dollar, to THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE, 124 East 28th Street, New York City.

This price of One Dollar remains good only until October 31st. Constantly increasing costs will compel us to increase the yearly subscription to $1.50 after that date.

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER

COVER DESIGN	J. E. Allen	
THE CRY OF THE SCHOOL CHILDREN		9
FRONTISPIECE—Illustration to "Our'n, All Our'n" Painted by Chas. Sarka		10
"OUR'N, ALL OUR'N" Illustrations by Chas. Sarka	Anne Shannon Monroe	11
THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE FATHER Photographs	Herman Hagedorn	16
GONE—THE CHORE BOY OF THE PULPIT Illustrations by F. G. Cooper	Frank Ward O'Malley	20
THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL Illustrations by Maginel Wright Enright	Ellis Parker Butler	23
MENDING YOUR BUSINESS Photographs	William Almon Wolff	27
WHY I LIVE IN THE COUNTRY Photographs	Walter Prichard Eaton	32
THE NEW CITY OF BEAUTIFUL SLUMS Decoration by J. E. Allen	Dr. Frank Crane	36
COMPREE COMES TO AMERICA Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg	A. W Alcott	39
THE SCHOOL THAT EVERYBODY WANTS Photograph	Angelo Patri	44
"I KNOW IT WORKS" Photographs	Howard Brubaker	47
THE UNRULY DOLLAR Illustrated by F. G. Cooper	Irving Fisher	51
THE EDUCATION YOU HAVE TO FIGHT FOR Illustration by Angus MacDonall	Willa Sibert Cather	54
JOHN J. DOUGHBOY LEADS US ON Photographs	Charles Phelps Cushing	56
THE MARCH OF THE RED CROSS Photographs		60

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The Red Cross Magazine

THE CRY OF THE SCHOOL CHILDREN

When this magazine is in your hands, schools will be opening all over the United States, and millions of children trooping to their doors. The lines that follow were written by a great schoolmaster, whose fresh and inspiring article on "The School that Everybody Wants" begins on another page. We have taken from the article this dramatized demand of the children of America for something more vital in education as the beginning of the practice of life.

E are tired of a word education. We want something real. We are tired of an education where the teacher does the whole job, the thinking, the talking, the answering, the rating. We are tired of an education that makes us dependent. We have paid sufficient attention to dead things. We want to work with living forces.

It is not enough to have the picture of a flower; we want the real flower. To grow it, to care for it, to pick it, to give it to a friend.

It is not enough to have a stuffed rabbit. We want a real one. We want to feed him, to feel his soft fur, to play with him.

It is not enough that you tell us to "walk uprightly." Let us walk uprightly and then we shall know how it feels to be and to play the part of men. We shall feel it with our whole bodies and sense it with our souls.

We are impatient with old, useless, dead words. Teach us the new things, the new inventions, the new ways of helping, the new and accurate ways of computing, the new forces that men are harnessing. For we must sound the depths of the seas and the limits of the ether. We are the New America.

Hurry! Each day counts! We will do as you say. We will do as you do, only we would do it better. We must be new men, better men, so that we may be true to you and true to the best that went before you. Otherwise your religion, your ethics, your philosophy, your money, your work are all for nothing.

Cannot you see, we are Progress. We are the Nation. We are ceaseless, triumphant Energy. Come give us your hand and help us up.

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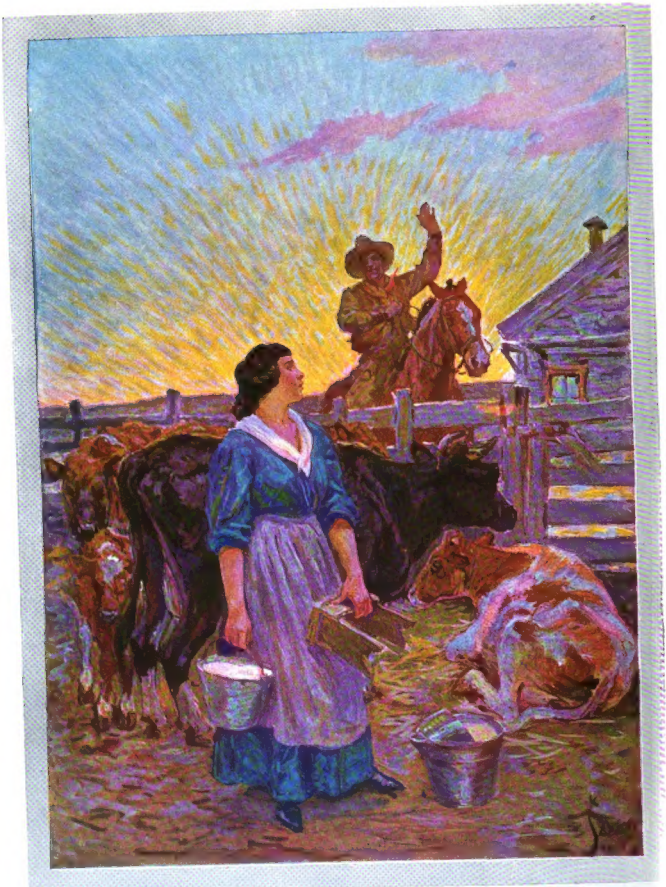

"As he flung down from his lathered horse she confronted him with a full pail and a victorious laugh. Tim was tall and bronzed and rangy, with the clean-minded appearance of one who spends his life tussling with elemental things"

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"OUR'N, ALL OUR'N"

Is there anything deeper in the human heart than soil-hunger and home hunger?

By Anne Shannon Monroe

Illustrated by Charles Sarka

AVIS was milking the new, little black cow; but every time her strong, firm hand sent a white stream zipping into the shiny tin pail the cow changed location; the calf was simultaneously taking his dinner on the other side, and that was a nuisance; she had to bat him away every few minutes.

"You little conceited devil, think your milk's worth trailing you all over a forty-acre corral for?" Avis expostulated at last with good-natured heat, standing off and whacking her on the hip. "Now go!"

Avis herself made a splendid picture as she stood a moment, bare headed, strong and young and vital among her cows, under a turquoise sky with one bright star shining down. Only a moment she stood there, then turned to the six other cows, all old ones; she knew each by name and nature, and as she milked she visited among them, talking to them, soothing them, caressing them, now and then humming low; to Avis each one had a personality, a disposition of her own, and was no more just cow than she was just woman. As she started in on the last one she heard galloping and lifted her head; it was Tim, her husband, to whom she had been married for two years now; her pulses leaped as she saw how fast he was riding; he wanted to get there in time to help with the milking, but she'd beat him to it; she hurried her work.

As he flung down from his lathered horse she confronted him with a full pail and a victorious laugh. Tim was tall and bronzed and rangy, with the clean-minded appearance of one who spends his life tussling with elemental things. He now grinned sheepishly, then pulled off his saddle, threw a gunny bag over his shoulder, turned in his horse, and taking a big, foaming pail in each hand, started to the house beside her. She had gossip for him; yes, Blackie'd make a good cow in time—a bit nervous now, but a fine little mother; old Sukey seemed in the dumps tonight; Mapes hadn't given down her milk as good as usual——

The dogs came barking from the house to meet them.

Tim carried the big pails into the stone milk-house and set about straining and putting it away. Avis, with a whistle on her lips, went into the cook-house. It was merely a cattle camp with equipment for the life of the range; there were no rugs or carpets, no pictures or knick-knacks; nothing, in fact, but a long table surrounded by equally long benches and a big kitchen stove that gave comfort in cold weather; it was just beginning to be nippy now and as Avis lighted the fire she rubbed her hands together in pleasure over the warmth; then she pulled down from the wall a long sharp butcher's knife, and going out to the milk-house slashed off a thick steak from a quarter of a beef hanging from the rafters, tossed some potatoes and onions into a pan and returned with them to the kitchen. When Tim came in from the straining and skimming, vegetables were boiling, a pan of sour-dough biscuits was browning in the oven and the steak was sputtering on a hot griddle. A white oilcloth covered the long table and white enameled dishes answered.

> "'N' then everything we broke in'd be our'n—every little flower you planted, honey girl'd be our'n; 'n' the poplar trees you want to get started across the front o' the house—they'd be our poplar trees; 'n' the calves—they'd be our calves; 'n' the puppies — they'd be our puppies — no one comin' along could carry one off because he liked a star in his forehead; 'n' the soil—growin' barley — growin' wheat — it'd be our soil, Avis—320 acres—all our'n—clear through to bed rock 'n' up to the sky—our'n, Avis, 'n' every thing switchin' its tail on top of it, 'n' every seed under it—our'n, all our'n."

"Next year, Tim," she started in at once, excitedly, "for my garden I want this year's cow corral. . . . Can't you get time, Tim, to move the fence and make a new corral over by the warm spring? That's a better place for it anyway; and the old corral—if you will plow it up this fall—will make a garden for your life! Say, Tim, did the mail come? What you got in the gunny bag? Haul it out! . . . Yes, I sent for a seed catalogue, and I want some flowers, too; Tim, I'm going to try flowers on 'er next year—and onions and radishes and lettuce—and everything . . . but I mean the mail-order catalogue—I've got to do some shopping this very night; I'm ragged for clothes—and you need some shirts—and there's other things."

Tim got the gunny bag, slowly untied the string and dumped its contents on the far end of the long table. Avis, having dished up the supper, now abandoned it for the new catalogues; shiny bright covers brought big red tomatoes and green onions and golden asters and sweet peas and geraniums before her delighted eyes. "Tim, we'll have——"

"Better have some supper first," he advised, slipping along the bench.

"Yes, Tim—but, oh, these gorgeous things! I want to try 'em all and see how many'll take to the soil; it's pioneering for them all right."

He stopped his carving. "Avis," he began in his unhurried way, "it's just as I was a-tellin' you—it ain't like it was our own place."

Her face clouded; she closed the books and sliding along the bench to his side, leaned her head against his shoulder: "Never mind, Timmy dear, it's our world just the same," she said gently, then throwing a choice piece of tenderloin to a pet collie, fell to eating. "What's doing over at the OO?" she asked briskly.

"They're startin' the hog round-up in the mornin'."

She stopped short off: "They are!—oh, Tim, then I'm going to ride Fieldy!"

"He's some shy o' swamps, Fieldy is."

"I can't help that; think I'd go to the round-up on any but my best horse?"

" 'N he don't swim so good as Jo."

"Now see here, Tim Bates, if you're trying to talk me into letting you have Fieldy, you're just wasting your breath; you've got to get to liking Jo better—or break in a new horse; why don't you do that, Tim? Want me to do it for you?"

Tim was silent a minute, then: "I've been thinkin' o' breakin' in a drivin' team 'n' another saddle horse—need another"—was there ever a time when a range man was not needing another?—

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"but it ain't like we was fixed here; breakin' in ground, breakin' in horses, breakin' in cows—that ain't your own, that ain't never goin' to be your own—" He stopped, and putting his long, lean arm around the little woman drew her to him: "Avis, what say we pick up 'n' go to Wide Hollow the end o' the week 'n' find a place of our own; then everything we'd break in 'd be our'n; I don't some way take no heart in all this breakin' in for other people."

It was Avis's turn to be silent; her eyes were fixed on the distance.

"We'll throw up a little shack, 'n' we'll have Jo 'n' Fieldy 'n' I can get some plows 'n' things, on time, mebby, 'n' seed—on time, mebby, 'n' vittles to do over the winter, 'n' if we went right at it now we would mebby get 100 acres cleared 'n' plowed for spring barley before snow; workin' together it goes awful fast, Avis."

AVIS was still silent her fingers clutching his shirt front.

" 'N' then everything we broke in'd be our'n—every little flower you planted, honey girl, 'd be our'n; 'n' the poplar trees you want to get started across the front o' the house—they'd be our poplar trees; 'n' the calves—they'd be our calves; 'n' the puppies—they'd be our puppies—no one comin' along could carry one off because he liked a star in his forehead; 'n' the soil—growin' barley—growin' wheat—it'd be our soil, Avis—320 acres—all our'n—clear through to bed rock 'n' up to the sky—our'n, Avis, 'n' every thing switchin' its tail on top of it, 'n' every seed restin' under it—our'n, all our'n."

Still the little woman was silent.

" 'N' never no need to move on, Avis; somehow—mebby I'm gettin' old, married and everthing—but I seem to be tired o' ridin'; seems like I gotta get fixed on a piece o' my own, 'n' set about breakin' in the wildness of it; seems like we'd have a job we'd never see end—never wanta see end; 'n' when we was old, Avis, there we'd set on our front porch—on a hill like—'n' look out over what we'd broke in together; seems like it's be sorter nice—settin' there with a pipe, 'n' a dog—'n' you, Avis—'n' me—'n' me—'n' you 'n' what we'd broke in—all green n' growin'."

Her head fell limply against his shoulder.

"Why, Avis, honey—course, if you don't see it that way——"

"Oh, Timmy, I do, I do—but——"

"But what, honey girl?"

She lifted her head and swallowed hard and dashed away the tears.

"It's that I love this place, Timmy, dear—it's so nice and close to people; Nora right over there at the OO only four miles away, and the Lelands at the sheep camp only seven miles off, and the Rollins at the grain camp only eight miles, and the Maxwells at the head gate a short eleven; it's so nice to have close neighbors, Timmy."

He nodded seriously.

"There wouldn't be a soul within fifty miles in Wide Hollow."

"Yes, honey, there is now; a bachelor took up a homestead in there last week—goin' to run cattle; that's what got me goin'; just heard about it over at the OO."

"But—there wouldn't be a woman."

"No, honey, there wouldn't be a woman." He studied her a moment. "What's got you so all fired set on havin' a woman all to oncet?"

She tossed her head and went back to her catalogues. He gathered up the dishes and proceeded to wash them. Avis was turning the leaves but she was not seeing their fascinating offerings, not even those of that new department about which she could not tell Tim just yet . . . and she had meant to tell him that very night. . . . Nora had two . . . the Lelands had five . . . the Rollins had seven . . . the Maxwells had twins . . . it had seemed like maybe she and Tim wouldn't have any . . . she had meant to tell him that very night . . . she wanted to watch his face when she told him. . . . Tim's face, when a fine new thing struck him—it was like the great range when the sun broke over it—all lighted up . . . she had wanted to watch his face.

And now she couldn't tell him; if she told him he would give up going to Wide Hollow and keep on working for wages—a thing he loathed. She and Tim had grown up on neighboring cattle ranches in Washington; when they got married they started off in a leisurely way to find a location, riding and camping along through the winy, sunny altitudes of the high range country east of the Cascade Mountains till they came upon the OO in the shut-off wilderness of eastern Oregon. This was one of the old-type hay and cattle ranches running into thousands of acres; the foreman was short-handed; he needed just what they represented, a man and woman to go over to one of the camps and manage the flooding of the hay fields. They had accepted the job as a temporary rest from riding—and then the war! Men threw down their ropes and branding irons, let go their plow handles, abandoned the ditches and rushed off to enlist. Tim had no other idea—when a fire breaks out a man doesn't stop to argue—but before he got away the "boss" drove down from Burns, his headquarters, and persuaded him and Avis that the army needed food as well as fighters; it had been hard for Tim—seeing all the other young men saddle and ride off; perhaps only Avis knew just how hard; that was what made it impossible to spoil this second dream; the war was over now—he had a right to go.

SHE had been so happy all the day—for Tim's sake. He loved little children . . . different from the way he loved her . . . a man just had to have something little and young and soft to nestle up in his arms—and take care of—and watch grow—puppies, and children and things. She forgot to turn the pages—to pretend—her eyes were fixed on the future.

"Better be gettin' to bed, honey, hadn't we, if we're to be at the round-up by five." Tim had finished the dishes.

"Yes, Tim dear." No, she couldn't tell him—she couldn't spoil his second great dream.

* * * *

One with plains eyes would have seen, soon after sunrise the following morning, blurs of dust lifting here and there from the vast spreading flatness of the OO ranch, blurs that grew into long spirals which converged toward one center, a spot somewhere out on the levels where a road wound through. At each of the camps in the great ranch system things had been stirring since before daylight: there had been the milking and feeding and cooking and eating and saddling up; each one down to the smallest child busy about getting himself off; no one waited on anyone else; a man sewed on his own button or used a safety pin; a woman caught and saddled her own horse; if a child tumbled out of bed a bit late he hustled to get his own mush and milk; if he didn't get himself off he knew he would not get off; there would be no argument—he would just be left behind.

As groups neared the meeting place they began to recognize each other's horses, then each other. The women dressed in khaki riding clothes—bought from a mail-order house—wore one other garment in common: a wide, happy grin of pure joy in the fresh morning air, the sport ahead and the meeting with one another. There were calls and jesting and jibes and ready laughter, mostly centered about their mounts; the talk was all horse.

"WHAT'S that old cuitan you're ridin' this mornin'?" "Mills, as sure as I'm alive, I broke her—meanest horse ever come off the range; pretty good now, I guess—been worked hard all summer." "Hello, Fanny, where's Dick?" "Molly got bucked off the muley calf just as we was startin', 'n' Dick stayed to get her together again; hurt? naw—only her feelin's." "There comes Jenny ridin' Big Bill—Whoa! Don't run us down—gee, but I'd like a try at that snorter; how'll you trade horses for the day?" "Not on your life—had a hard enough time gettin' him away from Tom." "Where's Tom?" Comin'—he's ridin' Jess—wanted to take some life outa her so Nell could ride her to school tomorrow; she's a darn good horse, but too oily for the kid."

The women were in the majority, so many of the men being away at the war. When twenty, counting the children, had collected, Barry, the foreman—everyone was known by his first name regardless of age or station—gave the plan: "The women go with Nora"—Nora was his wife—"to the south of the big swamp, the men come with me to the north; we'll close in on 'em." The men and boys rode away.

Nora, trim and slim and brown, perhaps the best horsewoman in the whole range country, as clever at roping and throwing and branding as her man, now turned her horse sharply about, dug her heels into his flanks, and with the others following close, rode into the face of the morning, into the still new day, into the pungent spiciness of plains and mountain-swept air, while great white and

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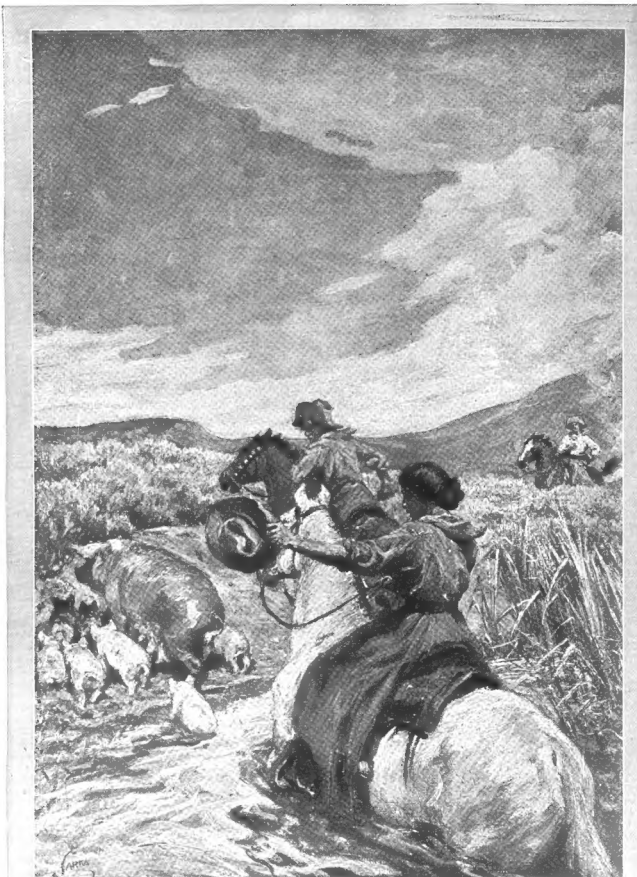

"The sow was trying to get to the water; the thing was to head her off, drive her back through the marshes and on to solid ground."

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yellow hounds bounded full length here and there over the brittly sagebrush, scenting out a rabbit, a skunk, or some other choice prey of their own.

The vast flatness that makes this enormously rich valley, which is closed off by grim mountains from civilization, was once a lake bed; it's as if Lake Michigan should go dry and leave us its silt, and leave, too, in places, great bubbling springs which would form and feed small lakes; and around, and over, and through these lakes stretch miles on miles of tules, those tall reeds of the range swamps that root in masses of spongy formation apparently right on top of the shallow water. It was in these tule beds that the wild hogs, turned out in the early spring, would be found losing out their living.

When the women reached the swamp they stretched out in a straight line and rode slowly into it; slowly, for two reasons: they were watching for hogs which were perfectly camouflaged in their yellow color among the golden grasses and reeds; and they were watching their footing, for they were likely at any moment to come upon unexpected bogs or be plunged into deep water, things disturbing to a nervous horse until he got into the spirit of the sport.

Suddenly Nora bent closer above her horse's neck, dug in her spurs and dashed out ahead into the tule swamp; now her horse was in the water to his knees, to his belly—now he was swimming; now he was plunging into the black muck of the opposite shore, pushing through the high rasping tules, fighting them with his head, snorting, objecting, but on the scent and going under Nora's fierce spurring, regardless. With a yell she bore down on her catch, and called loudly for aid. Avis dashed in after her on her great spirited roan and two of the children followed. It was a good find—a sow and twelve little ones. They surrounded her, the horses struggling for a foothold in the springy tule bed; the sow was trying to get to the water; the thing was to head her off, drive her back through the marshes and on to solid ground; she was as wild as though bred in a jungle; she had no idea of being driven.

They managed at last to get her out into the sage brush, and there she turned squarely about, bit at the horses' ankles and raised her snout militantly, with a now-what-are-you-going-to-do-about-it expression.

Avis slid to the ground, with her quirt, and walking up to the sow, essayed to drive her by hand; the other women and children came galloping up to see Nora's catch; the sow began to move along, grumbling, but going, her pigs at her heels.

Nora commissioned Sis and another of the little girls to take charge of the sow and keep her out of the swamps; then she and the rest charged back into the tules. It was all intensity now, all search, everyone her own eyes, her own hunter, one with her horse, stalking the tall tules, now dashing abruptly into the water, now plunging into oozy muck, down steep embankments, up again on the other side, with shouts after shouts ringing out as hogs were sighted. Time after time hogs were driven out and turned over to the children to guard.

Well in the middle of the swamp they heard the voices of the men from the other side. The women shouted; they could not see each other; they were all plunging and swimming about in the swamps among the golden tules, but they had come out together; pretty soon they met in the mucky center, two sets of splashed, muddied, red-faced, excited-eyed human beings, charging about on mounts equally excited.

"How many 'd you get?" challenged Nora.

"Haven't heard from Bill and Jo, but we got twenty hogs out there in the sage brush—if the kids ain't let 'em get away," Barry reported.

"Huh! we had twenty before noon."

"Big 'uns?"

"Big 'n' little; we must have thirty now if the kids ain't——"

"Then s'pose we call it a day?" broke in Barry; "I'm hungry as a bear."

"Must be four o'clock," said Nora, looking at the sun.

They separated, to collect their groups. The women rode rapidly to the little girls; there on one of the high knolls perched on her horse but perfectly relaxed and at rest was the eldest of the children, while the six others were stretched flat on their horses' backs, their faces upturned to the sun, sound asleep.

They were hardly well started on the drive to the OO, a distance of some five or six miles, when Barry galloped up: "Nothin' won't take no hurt, Nora, if you 'n' one or two others ride on in 'n' get supper started; Jo 'n' Dick can come on 'n' help."

Avis and Milly offered; at the corrals they slid to the ground before the horses were actually at a standstill, and hurried into the house. By the time the hogs were being driven into the corral a big, hot, sizzling supper was ready to put on the table.

After supper—with loads of wholesome food for everybody and lots to throw to the dogs—the women and children went out to the calves' warm spring for a swim, while the men washed the dishes; it was an unwritten law that those who cooked never washed up. A rude little shack had been thrown across one end of the warm spring pond for bathing purposes, making as good a bath house as one could wish, with pure warm water always on tap. In the midst of the happy squeals of the children, Nora's keen ear caught the sound of a panting car. She stiffened to listen. "It's the boss," she exclaimed, "'n' everything's et up! It's me for the cook-house."

It was the "boss," the big, bronzed plainsman who owned and operated the OO and other ranches and things in this great shut-off wilderness of our Northwest.

"Well, well," he said, with his hearty chuckle, "what's this, a party?"

"The hog round-up," Sis cried, running to swing on his arm. "We got the mostest; the men only got twenty."

"Better take a reef in your braggin' Sis," laughed Nora. "She went to sleep on guard," she explained to the "boss." Sis hung her head.

"That's the right system, Sis," said the "boss," patting her firm, round, little cheek—she was only eight. "Sleep when you're sleepy. Now, I 've got to see these hogs; come on, Sis."

"Come on, Avis," called Sis, and the three turned back to the corral, where the hogs, like the humans, were having a happy wallow in warm water.

"A hog," said the "boss," "gives one the best part of his education. Learn to drive a hog and you can drive anything—or anybody."

"Avis was the bestest one," contributed happy little Sis. "She got on Fieldy and drove 'em by hand."

"I was helping 'em to get used to us," explained Avis. "I know how I would feel the first time a great big snorting thing many times higher than my head would keep coming up behind me, if I was a little thing like a hog down on all fours."

The "boss" was studying her. "Where's Tim?" he asked presently.

"Gone on home to get the milking done; there's a new cow just in that has to be handled careful and on time. I oughta went, but," she turned her head quickly and tears filled her eyes, "I won't be seeing the women much more; I kinda hated to leave Nora—and everybody."

The "boss" couldn't quite make out the slim, boyish, young person before him, muscular and cool-headed and level-eyed—and yet a woman with tears. "What's troubling you?" he asked gently.

She swallowed hard. "It's going away—Tim's got it strong that he's gotta go; he's set on Wide Hollow—it's far and

ARE YOUR CHILDREN HEALTHY?

IF not, why? Do you know Cho Cho? Do you know what Cho Cho is doing to build strong bodies, brave hearts and clean minds in the youngsters of the land? It's a great work he's accomplishing, this clown of clowns with his whitened face, his spangled dress and his "teaching" ways. The story of Cho Cho and the children will appear in the November Number of the Red Cross Magazine.

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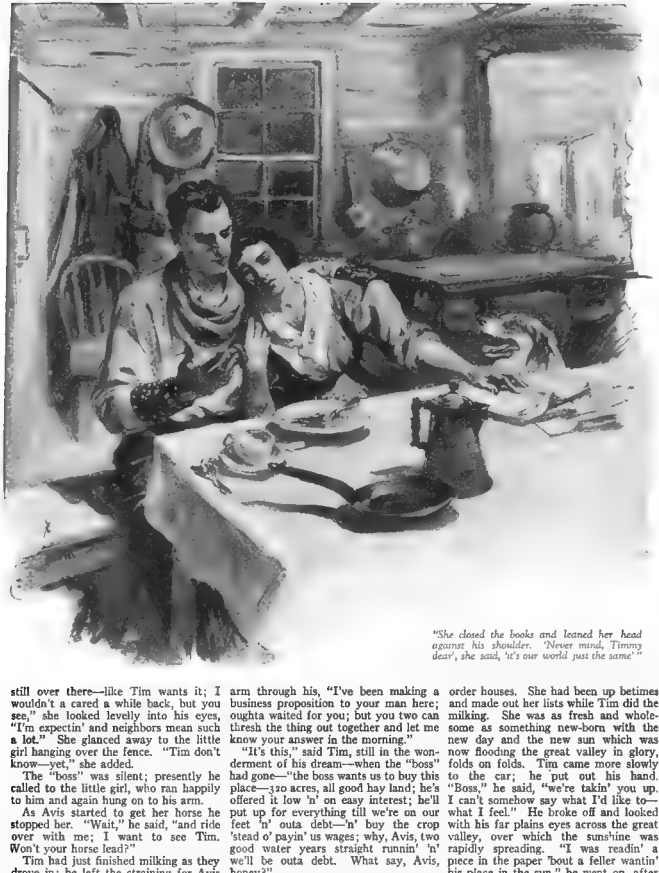

"She closed the books and leaned her head against his shoulder. 'Never mind, Timmy dear', she said, 'it's our world just the same' "

still over there—like Tim wants it; I wouldn't a cared a while back, but you see," she looked levelly into his eyes, "I'm expectin' and neighbors mean such a lot." She glanced away to the little girl hanging over the fence. "Tim don't know—yet," she added.

The "boss" was silent; presently he called to the little girl, who ran happily to him and again hung on to his arm.

As Avis started to get her horse he stopped her. "Wait," he said, "and ride over with me; I want to see Tim. Won't your horse lead?"

Tim had just finished milking as they drove in; he left the straining for Avis and went inside with the "boss." When she joined them, later, the two men were facing each other silently across the table, but Tim's face was lighted up with that dreaming brightness that always came over it when something very pleasant was spreading in his mind.

"Avis," said the "boss," getting up as she settled down beside Tim, running her arm through his, "I've been making a business proposition to your man here; oughta waited for you; but you two can thresh the thing out together and let me know your answer in the morning."

"It's this," said Tim, still in the wonderment of his dream—when the "boss" had gone—"the boss wants us to buy this place—320 acres, all good hay land; he's offered it low 'n' on easy interest; he'll put up for everything till we're on our feet 'n' outa debt—'n' buy the crop 'stead o' payin' us wages; why, Avis, two good water years straight runnin' 'n' we'll be outa debt. What say, Avis, honey?"

But Avis was not saying; her eyes were wide, her breath was coming rapidly, her hands were clasped tightly together in her lap . . . neighbors . . . neighbors . . .

The next morning when the "boss" stopped for their answer a spick and span little woman ran out to the car with two letters for him to post, both to mail-order houses. She had been up betimes and made out her lists while Tim did the milking. She was as fresh and wholesome as something new-born with the new day and the new sun which was now flooding the great valley in glory, folds on folds. Tim came more slowly to the car; he put out his hand. "Boss," he said, "we're takin' you up. I can't somehow say what I'd like to—what I feel." He broke off and looked with his far plains eyes across the great valley, over which the sunshine was rapidly spreading. "I was readin' a piece in the paper 'bout a feller wantin' his place in the sun," he went on, after a minute. "I couldn't somehow see no sense in it for him, livin' in a city; but I feel like we'd got our place in the sun all right, me 'n' Avis."

And as the "boss" drove off, after hasty handshakes with both, they stood there together watching him out of sight, while the sun folded in the little cabin, truly giving them their place.

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When his four boys had gone to the war, the Colonel found comfort and courage in companionship with their children

As Teddy, Archie, Kermit and Quentin knew

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, THE FATHER

By Herman Hagedorn

Member of the Executive Committee of the Roosevelt Memorial Association and author of "A Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt"

OH! It gets me so angry! Always this talk of the *mother* of the soldier, this endless sentimentalizing about the *mother* saying good-bye to her brave soldier-boy, the *mother* dreaming of him, the *mother* welcoming him home, as though the *mother* were the only person of importance in the family and the *father* were there only for the gathering in of dollars. Wherever I turn it is this mother-and-son relationship that is emphasized, in songs, in stories, in pictures You would think a father were the least important factor in a boy's life Poets and artists and story-tellers never seem to think of him at all. You would think he was not supposed to have any feelings or to inspire any. He is just background. If a boy is brave and true, we are told, it is because he remembers his mother's sacred admonitions; if he is the opposite, it is because he has forgotten those admonitions. No one seems to think that the father may have something to do with the building of a boy's manhood vastly more important than anything a mother can accomplish by precept or example. We are used to sentimentalizing about mothers. The cheap song-writers have made mothers their stock in trade. It is all bosh, *bosh!* A good man is the product more of his father's influence than his mother's; and I wish that somebody would say it with a loud voice. We have been sentimentalizing long enough about the mother-and-son relationship. It is the relationship of father and son that men should think and dream and talk and sing about."

It was a woman who spoke, a mother of sons, a mother of soldiers. She had sent four to the war, and one had not come back.

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"When I think what the father of my boys meant in their development," she continued, "this sentimentalizing about the mother at the expense of the father annoys me almost beyond words. Fathers and sons need each other so much. They can do so much for each other that no one else can do for them. I beg you do, do, *do* write about fathers and sons!"

So I will sit down and tell the story of a father and his sons.

He was quite the most wonderful person that ever was, for boys to have as a father. In the first place he was strong as John Ridd (or seemed so, to boyish eyes); brave as any hero in a book; indefatigable; full of enterprise and jollity and stories; always doing something and yet never too busy "to listen to a fellow"; strict but always just, dignified but never solemn, magnificent but always companionable. His mind was like Abdullah's cave, filled with gorgeous and inexhaustible treasures of pure gold.

He had been a hunter. About the house, scattered carelessly here and there so that, at intervals, you would stumble upon some new marvel, were heads and skins and antlers of animals he had shot. Every trophy meant a story of which the father was the hero, and each story meant a throwing-wide of the gateways of such a wilderness as Boone had known and conquered, where a man matched wits with nature, and death was never more than three valleys away. The bearskin in his father's study, on which the boy lay stretched as he listened, had once belonged to a grizzly his father had killed with the last bullet in his magazine just as the animal struck at him with his large paw.

"I held true, aiming behind the shoulder, and my bullet shattered the point or lower end of his heart, taking out a big nick. Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and challenge, blowing the bloody foam from his mouth so that I saw the gleam of his white fangs; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim. I waited until he came to a fallen tree, raking him as he topped it with a ball, which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body, but he neither swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him. He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw and going into the neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled the trigger; and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw as he made a vicious side blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself and made two or three jumps onwards, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head drooped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit."

A father who had done things like that was a father for a boy to have!

He had been other things beside a huntsman. He had been a cowboy, for one thing, who had ridden "the long circle" by day and guarded the silent herd by night; a frontiersman who had helped to win a wild and reckless region to law and civilization, defying bullies, chasing horse thieves, beating off Indians; a soldier who had charged the enemy of his country through a deluge of bullets; a leader of men whom people cheered as no man had ever been cheered before; governor of his State; President. He had been everything a boy in his wildest dreams would want most ardently to be. The book that contained such a hero would be thumbed until it fell apart. And here he was, a living, breathing being—human—right in the family.

It was almost too good to be true.

For Theodore Roosevelt *was* human, most wonderfully human. He was Civil Service Commissioner in Washington when the boys first became conscious of him as a definite and altogether delightful individual. The first thing they knew of him was as a source of strange and fascinating stories who would come into the nursery while they were having their supper to read them some tale of "Uncle Remus" or tell some story, even more thrilling, of his own adventures. In the morning when he was shaving and in the evening when he was dressing for dinner he had a way of calling them into his dressing-room and reciting poetry to them. Line for line, stanza for stanza, they would repeat the verses until they were able to recite the poems as perfectly as he. The boys learnt the whole of the "Saga of King Olaf" in that way, then Kingsley's "The Knight's Leap," then Longfellow's "Simon Danz," then Tennyson's "Revenge." They were four and five and six when their father laid in them this double foundation of friendly intercourse and appreciation of good literature. By and by he was reading Scott to them, then "Hereward the Wake" and "The Last of the Mohicans" and stories of man-eating tigers and lions, that made young eyes turn bedward with a gleam half of fear and half of desire. As their minds grew he and their mother fed them with the mental food they craved.

Gradually forming their intellectual tastes, he gained a great hold over the boys, for the adventures they thus vicariously shared became a bond of common interest which every passing year served to strengthen. He knew the secret of holding the boys' interest. He never let them be bored. If they did not like the book he was reading he found another which they did like. Certain machine-made stories of adventure he never would let them read. "When there are so many good books in the world," he would say, "why bother to read a bad one?"

He was never out of touch with his boys, for his companionship with them was as continuous and absolute a part of his life as the work that had brought him to Washington or the writing of "The Winning of the West," which in spite of political battles and social distractions, he carried on in night sessions stolen from the normal period of sleep. The house in which they lived was small for a family of four or five children—uncomfortably small in times of illness when the well members had to be isolated from the sick—but there is no record in the memories of the sons of any outward sign to indicate that the children ever "got on their father's nerves." There are memories only of boundless energy, boundless patience, inexhaustible sympathy, a wealth of humor and resource.

Occasionally the mother of the family would run up to New York for a visit and then the father would act the part of "vice-mother" with unconcealed pride and delight. In a letter to his sister Anna, who was living in London, he tells of one such occasion:

"All this last week (he writes) I have been here alone with the four younger bunnies. . . . At breakfast I generally have to tell Ted and Kermit stories of hunting and of ranch life; and then Ted walks part way down to the office with me In the evening I take my tea with Ted and Kermit and Ethel while they are having supper, and then I read, first to the two smallest, and afterwards to Ted. As for Archie, he is the sweetest little fellow in the world and I play with him as much as I possibly can. . . . The children are just too sweet

DO YOU KNOW A WONDERFUL FATHER?

HIS boys felt him to be not only the most wonderful man, but the most wonderful father. To become that, he worked as hard as he did at everything else and studied as much. It was a beautiful "job" for him, a task that never wearied and never bored him. The relationship between himself and his children was tender, splendid, enduring, stimulating. He never broke a promise to them and he never failed to punish if he said he would.

Don't you know of other fathers who had the Roosevelt idea in the treatment of their children, who lived not only for them, but with them, and whose story will serve to cheer, encourage and guide other parents?

If you do, don't fail to tell us. The world will be the better for the spreading of such influences. Send your suggestions or articles to THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE. Whatever we accept for publication will be well paid for.

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He was their constant companion when he could tear himself away from his public duties and much of this time was spent in implanting in the youngsters' hearts his affection for horses

for anything. The other day, discussing their futures, Ted said, 'I'll be a soldier,' to which Kermit solemnly answered, 'I'll just be a plain man with bunnies, like father!'"

Excursions to Rock Creek Park made Saturday afternoons memorable, for the father would lay aside all other matters then to scramble with his boys up the sheer faces of the crags, through tangled ravines and along (and through) the brooks.

"This afternoon," he writes to his sister one April, "we are going to take the children out for their weekly scramble up Rock Creek, which has become quite a feature, as divers other children usually turn up to take part in it. I'll drag Kermit and Ethel in the buckboard, and leave them to pick flowers with Edie, while I clamber over the rocks with the others; I have a rope for the steeper cliffs."

The mention of the rope suggests fascinating possibilities. He recognized that if a son is to be brave when he grows up a father must be brave when that son is young. He must have the courage, that is, to stand by, while his son takes chances. Roosevelt expected his boys to run risks. He would have been ashamed of them if they hadn't. He expected them also to endure hardship and to find delight in coming home from an afternoon's stroll soaked to the skin and torn by the brambles. But for one of them who was frail of limb and condemned to braces during those early years he had infinite sympathy. He remembered how frail and sickly he himself had been in his boyhood, and went to endless trouble to make up to Kermit, with his tubercular knee, for the rough joys of outdoors which he was missing. Once when the boy was seven or eight the father maneuvered all over Great South Bay one afternoon to give him a chance to shoot a yellow-leg. The other boys he led into adventures which, in the eyes of a mother, sometimes appeared unconscionably reckless. On such occasions he would submit humbly to a scolding; and the sense of common guilt would knit father and sons even more closely than they were knit before.

If Rock Creek Park was a delight to four growing boys, Sagamore Hill and the surrounding woods and waters were a continual rapture. At Sagamore every small boy had his own four-legged pets—guinea-pigs and badgers, flying squirrels and kangaroo rats, dogs and ponies, and once even a young black bear. The water furnished delight.

"When their mother and I returned from a row," their father wrote in his "Autobiography" many years later, "we would often see the children waiting

From "Outdoor Pastimes" ©Scribners

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for us, running like sand-spiders along the beach. They always liked to swim in company with a grown-up of buoyant temperament and inventive mind, and the float offered limitless opportunities for enjoyment while bathing. All dutiful parents know the game of 'stage-coach'; each child is given a name, such as the whip, the nigh leader, the off wheeler, the old lady passenger, and, under penalty of paying a forfeit, must get up and turn round when the grown-up, who is improvising a thrilling story, mentions that particular object; and when the word 'stage-coach' is mentioned, everybody has to get up and turn round. Well, we used to play stage-coach on the float while in swimming, and instead of tamely getting up and turning round, the child whose turn it was had to plunge overboard. When I mentioned 'stage-coach' the water

From "Outdoor Pastimes of the Hunters"

Very early their father taught them a love of animals and the love of the hunting fields. Every young Roosevelt knew that the small end of a gun was the dangerous end

fairly foamed with vigorously kicking little legs; and then there was always a moment of interest while I counted, so as to be sure that the number of heads that came up corresponded with the number of children who had gone down."

The father taught the boys the use of a gun when they were barely out of kilts. "I have been teaching Ted and Kermit the use of the Flobert rifle," he writes his sister in 1895, when Kermit, the younger of the two, was barely six.

"I don't remember how young I was when father gave me my first gun," said Kermit, years after. "I know that I went shooting with him long before I was ten. After we boys were ten he let us go out by ourselves. We never had any gun-accidents. Father drilled into us the important fact that the small end of a gun was loaded, and took for granted that if we clearly understood, we would have sense enough to take care of ourselves."

If Sagamore Hill and its master were a delight to the children, the children were a delight and something more than a delight to their father. In the grime and tumult of his work in the New York Police Department the companionship of the children, when he ran out to Oyster Bay for the week-end, furnished a spiritual bath that seemed to free him from every vestige of the dirt and smoke in which he was forced to spend his working days. In a series of letters to his sister, extraordinary for their vivid and dramatic accounts of his battles with vice and crime, disloyalty and prejudice, the concluding pages of almost every letter tell of the doings of the "bunnies" in a manner that reveals how completely, in their company, he could throw off the sordidness of his police work.

"The children are in the seventh heaven," he wrote his sister that summer. "I wish you could see their costumes, especially Kermit's; he wears blue overalls like those of our hired man, with a cap like that of a second-rate French cook, a pair of shabby tennis shoes, and as his hands are poisoned a pair of exceedingly dirty kid gloves When in this costume, turning somersaults on the manure-heap, he is indeed a joy forever. Ted has suddenly begun greatly to enjoy riding pony Grant. Archie is the sweetest thing you ever saw and perfectly friendly with cows, dogs and horses. . . . We went on a picnic to the marsh (he wrote a month later). We were out six or seven hours, Alice steering one boat, while Edith steered mine. Ted enjoyed himself hugely and on the way home slumbered peacefully in the bilgewater."

That autumn he wrote of other exciting doings:

"Bob (Robert Ferguson) passed Thanksgiving day here, and was just a dear, and the same playmate as ever In the afternoon he and I and Ted took a ten-mile tramp, with axes, to clear out a bridle track which had become overgrown. Ted (*Continued on Page* 74)

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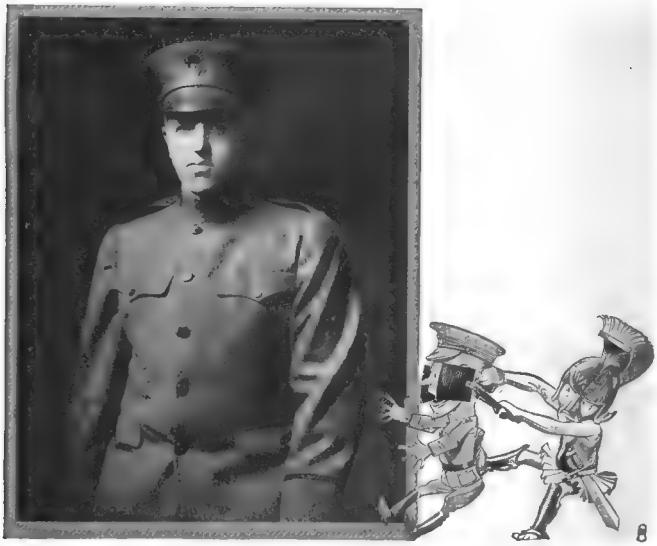

War has torn the blinders from the preacher's eyes and the path before him is broader and clearer

GONE—The Chore Boy of the Pulpit

You will find a new sort of man there, says Chaplain Moody

By Frank Ward O'Malley

Illustrations by F. G. Cooper

EVEN the Twelve Apostles themselves, endowed though they were with priceless graces, were undoubtedly quite as human as those other fishermen who today draw their nets off Gloucester or Barnegat Bay. Wherefore it is not unfair to suppose that when Chaplain Paul Dwight Moody—like his famous father, a man of God—was sent back here from France toward the end of the war to "recruit" more chaplains for the army he came upon some professed followers of the Twelve who were sorely tempted to turn a deaf ear to his appeals. One can well understand why his audient groups of American ministers, as they assembled to hear his message, at least debated inwardly and with reason a knotty question: "This man intends to ask me today to renounce for months, perhaps years, my family, my home, to fling aside my life work among a people whom I know intimately and whose needs I therefore understand, and begin all over again among strangers in France; and what has an army chaplaincy to offer in return which is at all comparable to the splendid spiritual results I am achieving here?"

It is patent that the answer many made to themselves was that they should go, for many went. Many more, perhaps all of them, fondly believed as they settled back comfortably to hear Chaplain Moody's appeal that he would ask them only to give, give, give—their lives, if necessary—with no promise of reward except that which goes with the glorious soul satisfaction of giving one's best to God and country.

Poof! Crashing to earth went preconceived notions, flattened by Chaplain Moody's first words. He was *offering* favors, not asking them! And if any clerical smugness tried to stand up before the oratorical machine-gun bullets of his opening sentence, that smug-

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ness found itself shockingly shot full of holes before Chaplain Moody had decided to call it a day.

"My friends," he cried, "when I come here to tell you that the army needs you men as chaplains I first want to hammer in the fact that the army doesn't need you American ministers nearly so badly as you need the army. Do I make myself clear?"

If he hadn't, he did. Concretely he showed them how contact with men was giving the American minister abroad far greater mind riches than ever he could hope to impart. In France they would come into touch with life in the raw, perhaps for the first time, he reminded them; and just as the callow graduate of the medical school, diploma in hand, does not begin to learn medicine until after he has hung out his shingle or entered a hospital, just so would these clergymen go from the soft seclusion of their studies into a fighting army of men that was all one great social clinic. And when their postgraduate course had been finished in France and they were returned to their home charges again they, and therefore the church in America, could resume work among the crowd with a proper equipment of tools, with new knowledge and a better understanding of the heart of the crowd.

Chaplain Moody, now the Rev. Mr. Moody again and hard at work "back home," is quick to admit that he, like his colleagues, needed the army far more than the army needed him. As I talked with him recently of the spiritual expansion of the American chaplain and his charges abroad I began to see more clearly why the great war had brought into being a new school of military critics who would have our venerable system at West Point almost abolished —would place the cadets, potential leaders of men, in the midst of life and men during their formative years, with perhaps a year of secluded, intensive West Point training to top off with, instead of raising them under glass up the Hudson, as at present, until the time comes to transplant them to the fastnesses of Lost Post, Oklahoma, or Fort Faraway, Montana, with not even a warring Redskin left to disturb them as they run to seed.

"It was not merely an army but an army at war that the clergyman needed," Chaplain Moody explained to me in the beginning. "The army chaplain in time of peace is a ship in dry dock, a religious ornament. The peace-time chaplain is about as useful as a brass tail to a cat."

"Our average minister," Chaplain Moody went on, "goes through college and then completes his seminary days without having had primary contact with man. The result of his cloistered life is that he is ignorant not only of what is in men but of what is in himself. But if he got out of his shell far enough to serve as chaplain abroad, he found himself suddenly and always in intensive contact with men, perhaps for the first time in his clerical career. And immediately he not only began to discover man but to make the great subjective discovery—probably startling to him—that within himself were rich sources of courage, of virility, that he never had known were there.

"All this was what I meant when I told American ministers during my brief trip home during the war that they needed the army more than the army needed them. By way of illustration I would tell them that old yarn about the showman exhibiting the moose in a tent. You know it: The farmer with fifteen small children in tow asked the showman what it would cost to take the family in to see the moose.

"'Are all these your children?' asked the showman.

"'Yep, they are,' said the farmer.

"'Well! It won't cost you nothing, then. Wait right here. I'm going in to get the moose and bring 'im out to look at you.'

"Now, although the chaplain in time of peace is merely a ship in dry dock, in time of war he is cheek by jowl with great masses of men who are dying or almost constantly facing sudden and violent death and therefore everlastingly in need of his services. Thus the chaplain in war is raised to so high a station that—I quote the words of one of our noted commanding officers of the line abroad—he becomes 'the most useful man in the organization.' War gave our ministers a new understanding of man, but the chief thing war discovered for the American clergyman was himself War revealed to him not only the unknown sources of courage and virility within himself, it pitilessly revealed to him also his own limitations. And one result of these discoveries (a result not common enough, however, to be of great importance) is that many of the returning chaplains are not going on with the ministry after taking off their uniforms.'

Chaplain Moody, it should be borne in mind, was predicating his statements on a personal army experience that had necessitated widespread contact with and close study of, his brother chaplains as well as intimate relations with officers and enlisted men. From labors among combat troops he had gone to General Headquarters as chief chaplain of the National Guard units of the army. Like Bishop Brent, chaplain-in-chief of the National Army, and the Rev. Father Francis B. Doherty of the Third Cavalry, senior of the regular army chaplains, much of Chaplain Moody's activities abroad necessarily and primarily were devoted to the chaplains under his direction, especially as he was acting senior chaplain when Bishop Brent was absent. In view of his unique opportunities to study the American chaplain abroad his belief that some of the churchmen would forsake the ministry upon their return from the war seemed worthy of elaboration.

The self revelation of war, he told me would cause some to leave the ministry when they returned to America. Again army life had aroused in some of them for the first time the stirrings of wanderlust; the new, to many, experience of living with men and being of men in the open had resulted in revolt against the narrow unfruitfulness of the cloistered career they had been leading at home, precisely as the shoe clerk or bookkeeper, reveling in the new, free life and "finding" himself there, would return

"As I live, K-a-t-e Dus-keeeeeee! Kate, you don't know how glad I am and how proud I am that you've come to the station to meet me"

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with revulsion toward the drab dinginess of the old job. These were the chaplains, not many in number, who would come home resolved to give up the ministry and take up instead some semi-religious vocation such as welfare work or, burning all bridges, go in for a business career. In one telling sentence Chaplain Moody summed up the thought.

"It's somewhat difficult," he said, a touch of dryness in his tone, "to come back from the thick of the world's greatest war and take up the old life of chore boy to the Woman's Aid Society of one's church."

It was beautiful to watch (so one gathered as Chaplain Moody's talk rambled on) the progress of subjective growths as the one-time "chore boy" suddenly learned—his eyes still blinking as he was dragged from the half light of ascetic seclusion—that he was out in the blinding glare and bang of a cosmic prize ring. Back against the ropes he went, at first, stunned by the quick realization that so many "ideas" he had fondly nurtured throughout all his religious and ministerial life were wrong, all wrong. Then for days and nights he was jammed among sweating humans who swore fierce oaths, died for their brothers, prayed aloud or sang lewd songs, were cowards, were heroes, fought brother with fists and enemy with steel and in turn greeted death unafraid. . . Perhaps—perhaps, O Lord, this man beside me, who reeks of native wine, is not so low as once I should have thought him; it may be that in Thy sacred sight, O Lord, his glass of wine, his thoughtless curses, are far less hideous to Thee than the black soul of the craven who refuses to share his food with a hungry brother! Perhaps . . .

"They began to grasp, these chaplains fresh from ministerial work," Chaplain Moody went on, "that something was amiss with their tendency to criticize superficial faults in the men. They started at their work underestimating the soldier's virtues and overestimating his faults. The minister whose greatest thrill had been that quarrel between the soprano and the contralto in the church choir was too easily shocked by the profanity of fighting men when he first came among them. I need not add that I do not use or approve of profanity, nevertheless I want the man who swears when I am out of hearing to swear when he is talking to me. If he conceals from me the fact that he is profane, he will conceal a lot of other things from me. If he doesn't swear in my presence, I cannot get to where he really lives. Whenever the soldier drapes a gold halo around his chaplain's head that halo is going to stick out and interfere every time the chaplain tries to get his head close to the soldier's heart.

"War made the clergyman who went abroad clearly realize, I hope, that in the eyes of the American men and youths whose business was war the great sins were not sins of the flesh, such as drunkenness, profanity, incontinence, gambling. The great sins to the soldier were the sins of the spirit—selfishness, cowardice, quitting, dishonesty. And right there is an ethical idea of the soldier in war which the chaplain will do well to bring home with him; the church in America can learn a lot from it. A study of the Lord's words will show that He, too, ranks sins of the spirit as worse than sins of the flesh. (Mentally I recalled the Seven Deadly Sins—remembered the list well enough, at least, to note that topping the Seven was "pride.") Anyone who disagrees with me need only consider the words of the Lord. It is difficult to convince many earnest persons that miserliness, say, or false pride are greater soul destroyers than drinking or gambling, but it is true that they are.

"Here was a serious mistake made by these clergymen when they first got into their uniforms, just as the churches they had come from in the United States were guilty of the great error of assuming an unforgiving attitude toward certain failings not nearly so soul destructive as many sins more easily forgivable. I believe, with the soldier, that the man who drinks, who swears, gambles, has a better chance for salvation than the man who is miserly or slothful or filled with false pride. From the soldier going into battle the ardent young chaplain soon learned, maybe to the chaplain's great astonishment, that the soldier believed in God but not in the church's conception of God. Which is so much the worse for the church."

It was, in a word, the chaplain who had been mentally and spiritually warped by a life spent in remote recesses screened from the realities of life who was inclined, when first he began to grope toward the light in his new life, to see only the motes in the beckoning rays. By way of illustration, Chaplain Moody recalled two religious utterances of soldiers, one the prayer of a British despatch bearer about to dash down a shell-swept road, and another an ethical summation as delivered by an American doughboy while in thoughtful converse with his chaplain concerning things of the soul. "O Lord," cried the British boy, his face to the skies as he trundled out his motorcycle and was about to vault into the seat, "O Lord, I don't give a damn for myself, but take me through for England's sake!" That "damn" in a prayer—*in a prayer!*—perhaps would have shocked the one-time "chore boy" unutterably in the old days; but the chaplain, helped by the light of war's realities, was deaf to the "damn" and heard only an English boy's prayer that was clean and unselfish and very beautiful.

"It was Herbert Shipman," Chaplain Moody continued, "who repeated to me the spiritual confession of the American soldier talking to his chaplain. 'Chaplain,' the doughboy said with holy fervor, 'since I've been in the war God seems very near to me—but I wish the whole G— d— war was in hell!' Now there was an utterance from the soul which, despite the regrettable profanity, was as sincere as truth itself, and I like to think that the American minister serving abroad had advanced far enough to see that the big thing in that Yankee boy's thought was not the profanity but the good in his words, good in that the utterance revealed the boy's religious attitude of mind."

As Chaplain Moody talked on about these things of the spirit so dear to him one could not help but ponder over the probable extent of the religious reactions here when those American ministers who had "learned more than they could impart" had all laid away the olive drab and had mounted their pulpits again to face their people. As they detrained from the 5:12 at the grimy old railroad station in the home town perhaps their eyes first would see the slouching form of Kale Durkee, town drunkard, lounging on the same baggage truck from which he had watched them depart and befouling the station platform with tobacco juice as he brooded over the great wrong the nation's "drys" had done him. Would they hastily grasp their clerical skirts and tiptoe with mincing steps in a wide circle around Kale and his filth, as perhaps they had done when old Kale had blocked their path to the departing train a year (or was it a thousand vague years?) ago—or would they drop their bags and thrust out a hand with the heartiness of a he man greeting a potential he man, crying out, not artfully as if they meant it, but meaning it, "As I live, K-a-l-e Dur-keeeeeee! Kale, you don't know how glad I am and how proud I am that you've come to the station to meet me. And as soon as I'm settled—tomorrow—I want to see more of you. I was thinking about you in France one night, Kale, and ——" "About *me,* Dr. Jones? *You* thinking about *me?*" "Betcher life I was, Kale. (God help me, there were nights I couldn't sleep for thinking of you!) I'd lie awake wondering, Kale, why you'd never be friendly enough to drop in to see me, until finally I made up my mind that—" "Well, Doctor, I'll try, maybe some day, to drop round to see—" "No you won't, Kale. For the first time in all the years I've known you you've got things all wrong and (*Continued on Page* 64)

THE CHURCH MUST AWAKE

"Our clergymen in the army learned, just as the soldiers learned, that when it comes to doing a great work the things that bind men together are enormously more important than the things that separate them. When the church here realizes its duty the awakening will not pass, but to get the awakened to stay awake the church must readjust itself. The churchman must come out of his shell."

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Ethelbert stood a brief second on the stairs looking down. He was vastly unhappy

Tears and kisses and,—

THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

By Ellis Parker Butler

Illustrated by Maginel Wright Enright

BECAUSE two new factories had opened in the town there were a great many new children to enter the school and Miss Potter, the principal, stood just inside the door to ask questions and send the children to what might be the "rooms" for which they were fitted

"What reader did you use last term?"

"Second reader."

"That room," said Miss Potter, pointing, and then to the next:

"What reader did you use last term?"

"Third reader."

"Upstairs, the first door."

Some of the children did not know what reader they had had.

"I didn't have a reader; I had a geo-phy," said a little girl.

"What do you know about Italy?"

"It's shaped like a boot and runs through North and South America and empties into the Caspian Ocean," stammered the little girl.

"First reader; that room," said Miss Potter promptly, "and you, young man?"

He was an unusually attractive boy. To Miss Potter, at least, he seemed unusually attractive, but that may have been partly because he was a little boy she had not seen before. During a school year she came to know the little boys quite intimately and some of them were not quite as attractive at the end of the year as at the beginning. But this boy really was attractive. There was something appealing in his diffident, hesitating manner. His hair was marvelously parted and "slicked." His face shone with the supercleanliness that is seldom seen on a boy's face except when he is going to a party. His legs were in spotlessly white cotton stockings, his stubby shoes glistened with blackness, and at the front of his snowy sailor collar a huge and perfectly tied bow of new plaid silk ribbon made a stunning butterfly.

"What a sweet boy!" thought Miss Potter.

There was a pause in the flood of youth that had been pouring into the building. As a matter of fact, the "sweet" boy had waited for that very pause, because he was much frightened. It was his first day in any school. He had waited until he could steal in alone.

His ideas of "school" were vague and strange and he felt conspicuous and as

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"That's her room," he had told Bert when they passed the school. "That's Goosick's room. She makes you cry and then she kisses you"

if he might make some silly mistake at which the other boys and—oh, horror!—the girls would laugh. He had looked in at the door several times and had always seen Miss Potter standing there by the newel post, questioning one after another. He had hoped she might go away and that he might slip into the school-house and into a seat and not be seen. But evidently she did not mean to go away until the last child had entered, and now he was there, standing before her. He felt hot and uncomfortable. His face was red.

Scotty, he of the hard fists, had told him about certain boys who were "teacher's pets." As the new boy understood it, "teacher's pets" were the lowest of the low. They were boys so mistreated by nature and born under such an evil star that teachers liked them. This was, of course, the utmost limit of degradation. It made one an outcast from the best, spit-ball-throwing, girl-teasing male society. And one of the proofs that a boy was a teacher's pet was that teacher, instead of assuming a "glad *you're* getting along home" air, stopped one and talked to him in an intimate, affectionate manner. And now Miss Potter was stopping him!

"You're a new boy?" said Miss Potter pleasantly.

"Yes'm," he said miserably.

Miss Potter was not a slender sylph of a girl. She was a large, motherly woman with a large, motherly face that could be surprisingly stern or exceedingly pleasant. Now her face was pleasant. It was more than pleasant; it was friendly.

"She's making me into a teacher's pet—teacher's pet—teacher's pet!" ran distressingly through the boy's mind, and he longed to scratch or kick or run howling away, but the truth was that he was at heart and by nature the only kind of boy that is a teacher's pet. He was a bright boy, and a clean boy and as good as a boy ought to be, with only a streak of mischief here and there, and not malicious mischief. So he could not scratch or kick or run howling away. He stood and blushed until his checks were like polished rose-leaves.

"I was sure that I had not seen you before," said Miss Potter pleasantly. "What is your name?"

"Bert," he said unwillingly.

"I'm sure that is not all of it," she said. "It isn't just Bert, is it? Bert isn't all of any boy's name. Is it Albert?"

He looked down and did not answer. She was asking him to utter the syllables that were the greatest load of shame he had yet been called upon to bear.

"Is it Albert?" she insisted, smiling.

"No mam."

"You musn't be shy. A schoolboy musn't be shy. What is your name?"

"Ethelbert," he murmured so weakly she could hardly hear him.

Miss Potter was a very wise woman and a very tactful woman, which was why she had risen to be principal of the school. She was one of those rare persons who do not have to study human nature—who know it intuitively. She guessed at once that the name was a great trial to the boy, that he had already known the agony of being called Ethel by scoffing boys who chanted in chorus, "Ethel is a girl's name! Ethel is a girl's name!"

"That is a king's name," she said cheerfully. "You ought to be very proud to have the name of one of the brave Saxon kings, Bert."

She was such a wise woman that she did not make the mistake of saying "Ethelbert." She said "Bert."

"Yes'm," Bert said.

But that is not all your name. What is your full name, Bert?

"Bert Carter"

"Why, of course!" Miss Potter exclaimed.

She remembered him now. He was the small nephew Miss Anne Carter had taken to raise, the boy she had seen often enough in the big Carter front yard, with long, golden curls. She had felt sorry for him even then, he was such a big boy to have curls, and she knew so well how other shaved-headed boys must tease him. And with a name like Ethelbert, that could be shortened to Ethel!

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"Do you ever fight, Bert?" she asked, and she knew what the answer would be.

"When they call me Ethel I do," he said.

"Well——"

It was on the tip of her tongue to say that if anyone called him Ethel he must come and tell her, but she thought better of it.

"What reader did you have last, Bert?" she asked.

"I didn't read out of a reader last," he said. 'I read out of 'Tales of a Grandfather.' And out of Shakespeare. But mostly out of 'Tales of a Grandfather.'"

"Oh! Haven't you read out of a reader?"

"Yes'm."

"What one?"

"Fourth reader."

"The room at the head of the hall, upstairs, Bert," she said, and watched him as he went up, walking carefully on the glistening, recently varnished treads.

As he climbed the stairs he was glad. For the first time since he opened his eyes in bed that morning he was glad. As each step carried him higher above the first floor of the school a greater feeling of relief possessed him. The world was good, after all. His Aunt Anne had let his curls be cut, Ethelbert was the name of a brave Saxon king, the lady at the foot of the stairs had not cried out in holy horror when he said he fought those who called him Ethel and, best of all, each step upward was carrying him farther from Miss Goosick's room!

She was pretty. She was young, too. He looked at the face that smiled on him and a chill ran from his head down his spine

The most dangerous boy is a weeping boy. All boys are ashamed to be seen weeping When a boy is cruelly struck he will fight, but when he is made to weep and fights, he fights in a rage that is sometimes awful to see. Never imagine that a boy that is blubbering is a tamed, cowed creature He is a mad and angry creature. He will fight like a demon then, to avenge the shame he feels his tears to be. More than anything else in the world a boy hates to cry, at least when there is a witness.

A boy, feeling oppressed and downtrodden, may find a variety of damp, sad comfort now and then in going out behind the woodshed and weeping over his woes in solitude, but he feels that it is disgraceful to let anyone see him cry. Men do not cry; it is women's work. Pirates or soldiers or cowboys or detectives or Indians never cry; so boys never cry. Even our soldier boys in France during the war, wounded, suffering, homesick, heart-sore, hated to cry or be seen crying, and the best tales our Red Cross nurses have brought home are of the cheerfulness of the Americans even when they lay suffering in their weary hospital beds, maimed or mangled or sick.

That was why Bert Carter's heart grew lighter as he climbed the stairs and left Miss Goosick's room behind him. Miss Goosick made boys cry.

Ethelbert had never attended school because his Aunt Anne had taught him at home. Even stupid boys learn faster under a private tutor, and Miss Anne was the most loving and eager of tutors, while Ethelbert was by no means stupid. He was a bright boy. He had, indeed, progressed so far that Aunt Anne no longer felt capable of directing him. He knew as much arithmetic as she knew, and the time had come when he needed teachers able to take him further than she could. Now she must give him up.

All he knew about school itself he had learned from Scotty, and Scotty had left no doubt regarding Miss Goosick.

"That's her room," he had told Bert when they passed the school. "That's Goosick's room. Gee! I'll bet you'll be in her room, too. I'm glad I'm going to the other school before I have to be in her room. I wouldn't go to her room, that's all!"

"Why? Does she lick you?"

"Lick? Think I'd care for any licking a woman teacher could give me? If Goosick licked me I wouldn't care. I wouldn't care if she licked me with a strap with a buckle on the end of it. That ain't anything—a licking ain't."

"What does she do?" asked Bert tremulously.

"Kisses you," said Scotty. "She makes you cry and then she kisses you. You bet if I was in her room and she tried to make me cry I'd show her!"

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"Does she *try* to make you cry?"

"Yes, and she does it, too. She can make anybody cry. Well—you know big Cuffy Mallon, don't you? She made *him* cry. She made him blubber like a baby. Ed Snooks saw him. And then she made Ed cry, too. Cuffy said so. He saw him. Why, sometimes she keeps in a whole row and makes them all cry. One right after another. Ed Snooks says she keeps somebody in every day and makes 'em cry."

"Does she—how does she?" asked Bert, wide-eyed.

"She hugs them," Scotty said. "It don't make any difference whether it's a girl or a boy, she hugs them and makes them cry. And sometimes she cries herself. Yes, sir! Ed Snooks says that sometimes there'll be a whole row and her, too, all crying at the same time."

"But if they don't *want* to cry——"

"Well, they can't help it, can they? Ed Snooks ought to know. He wouldn't cry if he didn't have to, would he?"

Bert thought of Ed Snooks and had to admit that Ed Snooks would not cry unless he had to. Ed Snooks had red hair and a pug nose and it was impossible to picture him shedding tears.

"When she keeps them in after school for something," Scotty said, "she takes them one at a time and sits down in their seat with them and talks to them. She puts her arm across their shoulder and says how sorry she is they are a bad boy, because she had such hopes of them, and it breaks her heart to have them act whatever way it was they had acted. So then, if they don't cry right off, she cries. And then they both cry."

"I bet I won't," Bert declared.

"I bet you will. You'll be just the kind that will. You'll bawl like a calf, because you're sort of like that. If she can make Ed Snooks and Cuffy Mallon cry you'll be pie for her. And then when she's got you crying good she'll say she knows now you'll be a good boy from then on, and she'll kiss you."

"I—I won't let her! I'll——"

"Yes, you will! You'll be blubbering away and you can't help it. That's what she does it for. She gets you all soft and girlish and then kisses you and she thinks you hate it so much you won't cut up in school again for fear she'll do it again."

"Well——"

"Well what?"

"Well, if I get into her room I won't cut up. Then she won't make me cry."

"Then all you'll be will be like Sammy Grayson. You'll be teacher's pet. She'll stand beside your desk and pat you on the head once in awhile and tell the room how good you are and how she wishes they would all be nice like you are. And all the time the fellers will be snickering at you. And the girls, too."

So Bert climbed the stairs, glad that he was leaving Miss Goosick and tears and kisses below him. At the top of the stairs he paused. There were four open doors and in each doorway stood a teacher. From the four rooms came loud noises of talking and scuffling and little screams of pretended girlish fear, and laughter and the sound of cuffing. It was the last minute and a half of untrammeled freedom. The youngsters were making the most of it.

Bert walked to the door at the end of the hall. The teacher paid no attention to him. She had just started across the hall to speak to the teacher in the opposite doorway. Bert went into the room.

"Hey!" someone shouted and a wet sponge struck him in the face. A girl—a big girl, so big that she was wearing longish skirts and a real watch—turned to him and wiped his face with a handkerchief that smelled of lily of the valley.

"They're awful rough," she said, referring to the boys. "They think they're smart. You'd better go down to your own room; they might hurt you, the way they're carrying on."

Ethelbert hesitated. *This* was his room. This was the room to which he had been sent, but these were not boys like Scotty or Ed Snooks, or even big Cuffy Mallon. These were *big* boys and, worse still, *big* girls. One of the big fellows came up to him.

"What do you want up here?" he asked roughly.

"I'm coming to school here," said Ethelbert. "I'm going to be in this room."

Some of the boys had long trousers. They looked like full-grown men to Ethelbert. The big boy who had questioned him yelled:

"Say, look who's here!" he cried. "Look who says he's going to be in our room!"

There was a camaraderie among the big boys and girls in the room. They knew each other well—had spent years together in the lower rooms. Ethelbert felt himself an intruder. He felt that he did not belong there. The big girl who had wiped the water from his face spoke to him again and kindly.

"I guess you've made a mistake," she

(*Cont. on Page* 66)

"Hey, look who's lost!" a big boy shouted. "He thinks this is the baby room

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America is buzzing with ideas and plans for peace and justice in the relations between worker and employer. Here's the story of how John Leitch has, in a human, interesting way, done work that bears directly on this great problem.

MENDING YOUR BUSINESS

How a Doctor of Industrial Relations Brings Man and Boss Together

By William Almon Wolff

HAVE you ever heard of John Leitch? Quite possibly you haven't. He's been a pretty busy man, and he has made no great effort to secure publicity; has rather avoided it, indeed. Yet Leitch, for the last twenty years, has been conducting a laboratory experiment in industry, in the relations between capital and labor, that has had some highly interesting and significant results.

At this moment the demands of the great railway unions have brought about a crisis the end of which no one can foresee. They have introduced an element into a labor dispute that has not appeared before in this country—or has certainly not appeared on a national scale. The significant thing about Leitch is that he seems to have anticipated the appearance of this question, and has, in a small way, a local way, provided something that has a relation to its solution.

It would take a great deal of space to go into the demands of the railway workers fully and scientifically. And, in one sense, time and space would both be wasted, because the situation is one that is changing from day to day. One reason for that is that there is no agreement upon fundamental facts; men with wholly different minds are thrown together, temporarily, by reason of temporary community of interest. As conditions shift they sheer off; the enemies of today may be the allies of tomorrow.

But the crux of the whole problem, the new thing the great railway unions have suddenly injected into the fight that dates from the introduction of machinery into industry—the industrial

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revolution, as economists call it—is this. The point of attack by the workers has been shifted. Practically all major fights between labor and capital, up to now, have been based upon demands for higher wages. And now higher wages, in themselves, will not satisfy the railway workers. The reason is that every wage increase in the past has been absorbed by the consequent increase in the cost of living.

"HERE," says the railway man, in effect. "Under the Adamson law we got higher wages. Rates went up—and the cost of living with them. McAdoo gave us more money—and raised rates. The cost of living went up again. Transportation is a basic industry, and if it costs more so does everything else. Suppose we get higher wages now? (We will—we can strike for them.) Rates will go up too. Increased costs have to be handed on to the consumer—to the public. But we're not only the producer—we're the consumer, too. So some way must be found of overhauling profits—of giving us money enough to live on without inordinate increases in rates. Here is our plan—the Plumb plan. And ultimately you've got to extend it to every other basic industry."

Now, I cannot here go into the details of the Plumb plan for nationalization of the railroads. It isn't quite government ownership as that phrase is understood, but the differences are of detail. Very briefly, this is the plan. The railroads are to be taken over by the government, and paid for by a bond issue bearing interest at 4 per cent. Thus, private capital is to be eliminated. The roads are then to be leased to a great corporation, the directors of which shall be chosen by the workers, by the operating managers, and by the public, represented by the government.

Great savings in operation are anticipated, because there will be a definite incentive to that end. And that incentive is that after the guaranteed interest on the investment is met, one-half of all earnings in excess of these fixed charges is to go to the wage earners and the management, while one-half is to be secured to the consuming public, either through extensions of service without added cost or through rate reductions. The labor statement says:

"Thus the cost of transportation is automatically reduced exactly in proportion as benefits accrue to the producers of transportation. Increase in earning powers of producers under this system cannot be reflected in increased costs; it must be balanced by decreased costs."

Now, a great many people are going to shy from that suggestion. They are going to call it Bolshevism, socialism, other terrifying names. They are going to say that the demand is exactly like the demands of the I. W. W. How the challenge of the railway workers will be met remains to be seen.

Now, how does Leitch come in?

Well, John Leitch is today a nervous, active man of about fifty-six, whose career as a worker began nearly forty years ago in P. D. Armour's stockyards in Chicago. He has, in his time, filled every sort of industrial position, from unskilled worker to general manager. And he has been trying for twenty years to work out a way of altering the relations between capital and labor, employer and worker, so as to eliminate the waste resulting from endless friction and hostility. He set out, a long time ago, with the idea that employer and worker had much more in common than either of them realized, and that each would be better off if they worked with one another instead of against one another. And the significant thing is that Leitch, working along entirely different lines, has evolved a scheme fundamentally similar to that embodied in the Plumb plan. There are basic differences that are absolutely irreconcilable, but in practice there are enough points of identity to make an understanding of the way. Leitch's plan has worked a highly interesting and significant basis for expectations and calculations regarding the Plumb plan.

Leitch doesn't look like a business man. He has a long, sensitive face; his features are finely modeled. He has rather small hands, with tapering fingers. His whole physical make-up is that of the artist. So is his temperament. He is a business man, in one sense; he is a consultant in industrial troubles, and he gets enormous fees from the industries that succeed in getting his services. But he picks and chooses when it comes to accepting clients. He won't work more than three days a week—says he needs the rest of the time to store up energy. He won't talk much; says he is much too busy. I don't know how much the impression is worth, but he makes me think, in many ways, of Henry Ford. I suspect the two men have a good deal in common, fundamentally.

He had a good deal of time to think after he quit for Armour. He was told he had tuberculosis, and he went to work on a farm in the northwest. If he did have any serious lung trouble the farm cured it; it has never returned to plague him.

AFTER he had regained his health he became a sort of industrial wanderer. He worked as a machinist; three or four times he was fired, unjustly, as he thought. But he kept on thinking, and, for some years, he went out, deliberately, to get experience, never staying in any job after he had learned all he could about the particular plant in which he was employed. He moved slowly up the industrial ladder, of course; after a time he worked as a foreman, and then had charge of a department once or twice. And all the time he was taking notes, and confirming that old conviction of his that both employer and worker were wasting time and effort, and that, as the result of the unnecessary friction between them, the producing end of the average American business wasn't more than fifty per cent. efficient.

He developed some definite ideas as he went along. One was that sheer ignorance was at the bottom of much of the trouble. Another that workers wanted, chiefly, to be sure they were getting a square deal from their employers. Another that a vast amount of expert knowledge concerning industrial plants was locked up in the minds of workers who had no way of applying it and making it useful. Still another was an anticipation of the revolt of the railway workers against the circular process of the absorption of wage increases by resulting increases in the cost of living.

He didn't know exactly how to use these ideas. They, and a good many others, summed up the results of his observations. And he was itching to make use of them. He got his chance in a small way, when he was working as a foreman or a superintendent. He tried to establish harmonious relations with the men under him, and, to a large extent, succeeded. But that was a matter of personality, and he knew it, and knew, too, that general principles were only remotely involved.

Then, about 1900, he went to work for an envelope-making company in Massachusetts. There was a good deal of trouble in the plant between the men and the management. Its efficiency Leitch felt, was pretty low. Production wasn't what he thought it ought to be and could be. And, gradually, he managed to make a new job for himself until he was a sort of mediator between the men and the management.

AS soon as he had the authority he attacked the problem by calling a mass meeting of all the workers.

"Maybe it was because it was in New England," he says. "But, anyway, I got to thinking about the old town meetings and the way they had worked, and I thought I'd try it."

He invited the men to speak about any grievances they had. All sorts of topics were discussed. And from the start, when a subject came up that obviously was complicated and involved, a committee was appointed to study it and to make a report at the next meeting. Leitch began by getting the men to ask for what they wanted in this fashion. Next he induced the management to act favorably on some of the suggestions that were made. He was groping toward a means of establishing communication between two sets of people who had, up to that time, been almost wholly inarticulate in relation to one another.

Leitch improved matters a good deal in that factory. It was not a very big concern, and, since then, it has been swallowed up by a national corporation. But, for him, it was a start, and a successful one. Then the American Multigraph Co., which had heard of his success as a mediator, hired him to act as a buffer between it and its workers. He tried the town meeting idea again, but it didn't work—it was too clumsy. Too many people were involved. But the germ of another idea was present, and he went on from the conception of a town meeting to that of representative government, just as had the founders of the American commonwealth.

He worked out a regular plan of elected committees to represent the workers in all dealings with the management. So disputes about working hours, about wages, about piece rates, were

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John Leitch telling the employees in a big factory how they can get half of the profits their employer will make if they do better and more concerted work.

adjusted. And in Leitch's mind there blossomed, rather suddenly, the idea of imitating, in an industrial plant, the organization of the United States Government. That promised to solve one of the problems he had found—that of establishing a regular means of communication between management and workers. And, in a rather vague way, it marked a groping progress toward something that, even today, I think Leitch doesn't quite recognize as one of his objects. I mean a definite measure of control over a business by the labor it employs.

That sounds like Bolshevism—like the democratic control of industry, doesn't it? It isn't, as Leitch sees what he is doing. Leitch calls his plan Industrial Democracy. It is nothing of the sort, except in name. Leitch doesn't attempt to take final control away from the owners of a business—from the capitalists," That idea is abhorrent to him, but it is at the very heart of the Bolshevist and I. W. W. programmes. And yet Leitch's plan, in practice, does provide a certain measure of control by the workers, and its successful operation is absolutely dependent upon making the workers feel that they have such control.

All the time, while he was working out his formula, in the envelope plant and with the Multigraph company, Leitch was seeing more and more clearly that American business wasn't efficient. He felt that wages were kept down, profits reduced, costs to the consumer increased, by sheer, avoidable waste. And he was certain that no management, by itself, could eliminate that waste. He was convinced that only co-operation between every worker in a factory and the management could do it.

He examined all the devices that had been tried to bring about such co-operation—because, of course, Leitch wasn't the first man, or the thousandth, to see that waste. Efficiency was beginning to be a catch-penny phrase. Efficiency engineers were springing up overnight. Speeding up systems were appearing. Great efforts were made to eliminate one or two waste motions. Expensive machinery was scrapped in order to save a little time—much as a railroad builds a ten million dollar cut-off to save five miles and knows it is making a good investment.

All the steps that were taken toward industrial efficiency were useful, probably, in some measure. But, because they were purely mechanistic, they fell far short of achieving their end. Labor resented them, just as it had resented the original introduction of machinery which brought about the industrial revolution. It resented them for several reasons. One was that fewer men seemed likely to be able to do the work. Another was that labor felt it was producing more without any increase of its own return. And another was that speeding up, the presence of men with stop watches, checking up their work, got upon the nerves of workers.

Then there were various bonus plans, profit-sharing schemes. There was a great extension of the welfare work in which Patterson of the National Cash Register Co., has been a pioneer. Leitch rejected a bonus for production as a part of the plan he was evolving because he felt it was unsound.

"A production bonus doesn't take quality into account," he says. "It does increase production, undoubtedly. But it does it, always, at the expense of quality. In the long run it means a loss instead of a gain."

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Profit sharing, he felt, was better, but not practical. In his judgment men didn't understand the complicated bookkeeping that was involved well enough. Moreover, they were likely to regard a profit-sharing check simply as a casual bonus—the connection between that check and the way they did their own work was not clear enough. And finally, he doesn't like profit sharing because he thinks it unfair to make any part of a man's compensation for his work depend upon conditions he can't control. What he wanted was a way to make earnings, beyond a fixed wage, depend wholly upon production, considered in relation to quality as well as to quantity.

When, for the first time, he was called in as a consultant, in a Cleveland waist factory, he was ready to try out what seemed to him a new idea. Here, for the first time, he organized, within the plant, his adaptation of the American government. He got the workers to elect delegates by departments to what he called a House of Representatives. The foremen and superintendents he organized into a Senate. And he called the executive officers, the managers, the Cabinet.

WHAT he had done, really, was to provide machinery for the functioning of his old town meeting plan. Instead of having clumsy meetings of the whole working force their representatives met each week in the house. This had standing committees. The house took up all complaints and suggestions, debated them, could refer them to its committees. After debate it voted on resolutions—equivalent to bills in Congress. If the House passed a resolution it went to the Senate, which concurred or rejected the measure. If it concurred the measure went for final approval to the cabinet, which had the veto power.

Right here, of course, Leitch's title of Industrial Democracy became a misnomer. He had provided the form of democracy, but not its essential substance. He says that the President of the United States possesses a similar veto power. But, of course, the President is an elected, responsible official; the cabinet in one of Leitch's plants is neither elected by the workers nor responsible to them. Here, too, is the line of cleavage between Leitch's plan and Bolshevism.

That being understood, however, the fact remains that Leitch's scheme has actually worked out extremely well. It couldn't function at all unless, in practice, the cabinet gave effect to the majority of all the suggestions coming to it from the house and the senate, regardless of any actual obligation. Leitch considers that is one of the chief elements of strength in his plan; actually it is a weakness, because it means that its success depends upon the sort of men at the head of a business. Leitch, before he goes into a plant, makes sure of those men—convinces himself that they are sincere in their desire to make his plan work.

Now, having worked out his formula for organization, Leitch was ready to attack the problem of inefficiency. And in the waist factory he tried out the forerunner of the essential factor in the Plumb plan for the nationalization of the railroads—an economy dividend

In effect, that plan of his involved the equal division between workers and management of all savings in production. If, for example, a certain unit cost ten cents to produce, and more efficient methods reduced that cost to six cents, two cents of the saving went to the workers, two to the management. Dividends were to be distributed every two weeks, and all the cost figures involved in their calculation were to be open to the inspection of all the workers.

Now, here was something radically different from the ordinary profit-sharing plan. Thanks to the organization of the plant into cabinet, senate and house, the workers had a means of controlling methods of production, or at least, of expressing their ideas. With the economy dividend as an incentive, it was to their interest to reduce production costs. But, since quality entered into the final cost, the pitfall of the old production bonus was avoided

The idea, the basic element of this dividend plan, was almost absurdly simple. Its implications, its ramifications, even Leitch only began to see gradually. What he did see, however, was that in any plant that adopted his plan and tried, sincerely, to work it out, the old fight between management and workers to see which could outwit the other had been transferred into a joint assault upon a common enemy—production costs

FROM Cleveland Leitch, now definitely a consultant, went on to plants all over the country He installed his so-called Industrial Democracy in a piano factory in Fort Wayne, Indiana, in a foundry in Michigan, a clothing factory in Baltimore, a big velvet mill in New England, a pipe works in Brooklyn—in more than twenty widely scattered industrial establishments. In two of them, after a successful beginning, the management has failed to stick to its side of the bargain. In the others both sides have been fair, and there has been no strike, no industrial trouble of any sort.

Leitch was never called in unless a plant was in trouble. He always began work under the handicap of bad feeling among the workers in every instance.

Here is a typical instance of how Leitch goes to work. William Demuth & Co. of Brooklyn Manor, L. I., operate the biggest factory making smokers pipes in America. And, with the rush of labor to the munitions works in 1915 they faced a serious problem. They had to employ immigrant labor, largely; high wages had lured away most of their experienced workers, and the flow of immigration from Europe had been checked by the war. When Leitch was called in he found a polyglot working force signs, in that factory, had to be posted in half a dozen languages. English was scarcely ever heard there

BEFORE the war shut off immigration in 1914, the plant had little trouble in keeping up its working force. It recruited its workers largely from Europeans, because American pipe makers aren't numerous, and Americans adapt themselves poorly to the slow and extremely careful work. Wages were fairly high; the labor turnover in the plant was not excessive. But with the growth of the munitions industry, in and after 1915, coupled with the failure of new labor to come in, Demuth & Co. faced a serious problem. They lost their reliable workers because they couldn't compete with the munitions plants, and the new people they were able to hire grew less and less competent.

Something had to be done, and the company, in despair, called upon John Leitch. It was a good employer, though not over imaginative. Its factory was of the best modern type; working conditions were well above the average. And Leitch found its heads sincere and eager to work with him and with their work people.

His first step, as usual, was to call a meeting, in company time, of the whole working force. He said he was going in four weekly meetings, to explain four principles, which he wanted the whole working force, from the president down to the lowest paid manual worker, to adopt, unanimously as the cornerstones of a business policy. They were justice co-operation, economy and energy, and they were to be capped by service.

It wasn't easy for Leitch to explain to that gathering, made up of aliens who couldn't understand him, and who must have missed a good deal of the idealism and hard common sense the man gets out in his speech just what he meant. But he did it, and he succeeded largely because he had a concrete thing to go with his abstract ideal of justice and co-operation. That was his economy dividend. He told those people that they weren't doing their work well enough, and that, as a result profits were being pared down to the vanishing point.

"You can do better work," he said, in effect—I can't and don't pretend to quote him literally "And you can do it more economically, so that profits will be

UNDER THE LEITCH PLAN

"VETERANS turned in and helped to train the new men, so that the training period was cut down to three months. And when a man wanted to quit every other man in the shop argued with him and tried to make him stay. Co-operation among the workers, as well as between the mass of workers and the employer, became real."

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The House, Senate and Cabinet—workers, foremen and owners—in session in a plant that has adopted the Leitch system. They decide all questions that arise between men and firm.

greater. And, if you do, it will be to your profit. For we are going to institute a system by which you will receive half of everything that is saved. Half will go to the company—half to you. You will get a dividend, in addition to your pay, every two weeks."

Everyone was interested, but everyone was skeptical, too. Still the business policy was adopted, though without much enthusiasm. And then Leitch proceeded to organize his machinery of co-operation with senate, house and cabinet. This resulted in some improvement in work at the start—it interested the workers. But it was slow work to make those aliens take the plan seriously. The improved psychology of the force brought about conditions so much better than they had been that it was possible, after the first two weeks, to declare a dividend. Enough of a saving had resulted for that, and its effect was vital.

Then, almost at once, there came a practical lesson in co-operation. A number of men stayed away from work on an Italian holiday. At the next meeting of the house of representatives a dividend was declared, but it was explained that if those men had stayed at work it would have been larger. So every worker in the factory was penalized. The others didn't like it, and the men who had stayed away were disturbed. They hadn't meant to make any one else suffer for their holiday, and they began to do some thinking.

At first the workers didn't take the house of representatives seriously. They jeered at the members a good deal. The members were sensitive, and had trouble, too, when they took up complaints that were made to them with foremen. One representative resigned because no action had been taken on a demand he had presented for an increase in a piece rate. The house wouldn't accept his resignation, put itself behind him, and got instant action. The effect of a number of such incidents was cumulative. Then a few representatives who understood the theory of democratic, representative government acted as a leaven.

There was trouble because workers couldn't speak English. A few men in one department struck, because that was the only way they knew to voice a complaint. A committee of the house, with an interpreter, sought them out, straightened out the trouble, and got them back to work.

The workers themselves, through the house of representatives, attacked the language problem. They voted against printing a projected house organ in different languages, because, as they argued, the people wouldn't learn English unless they must. For the same reason the workers voted to have all signs printed in English and that foremen should give orders and instructions only in that tongue. The company was asked to provide classes for teaching English, and did so at once.

Now—mark the difference. Classes like that, provided on the company's own initiative, would have been resented. Because the workers themselves wanted them, because it was *their* initiative, they were received with enthusiasm and were an immediate success.

Then the experiment in self-government began to branch out. Men made complaints concerning piece rates—always the most fruitful source of trouble in an industrial plant. In the old system such a complaint was made to a foreman, whose word was final. Now the house of representatives took it up, studied it, and made a report, recommending changes. When the senate concurred in this recommendation it went to the cabinet, which almost invariably approved the change, because it had been determined scientifically.

Then came another step. A foreman was intractable and incompetent; because he didn't handle the work of his department properly the whole factory was slowed down. The house looked into his case, and recommended that other work be found for him, which was done.

Labor turnover was still a serious problem in the plant. In the sandpapering department, specifically, which was the largest in the factory, seventy-five per cent. of those employed quit or had to be discharged within a year. About 125 men are needed; their average wage, on piece rates, was $24 weekly, with the most expert getting between $30 and $40. New men had to be trained; at piece rates they couldn't earn much, and drew a beginner's wage of about $16, until their piece rate earnings exceeded that.

The low wage was one reason men didn't stick to the work through a long apprenticeship. It was figured that it cost the *(Continued on Page 76)*

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FROM THE WHITE LIGHTS

WHY I LIVE IN

By Walter

ARE you homesick for the country? Do you dread stale and second-hand air, the crowded, unyielding pavements, the shut-in view of a populous city? Do you

THERE are two classes of people who often wonder and not infrequently ask why I live in the country—my old friends in the city and my neighbors in these parts remote from Broadway. In one sense, of course, the answer is simple—I prefer to live in the country. Nor am I particularly interested in trying to explain at any greater length to city dwellers, who are, or pretend to be, quite hopelessly contented with their lot—most of them. Now and then, of course, you find a rebel, who dreams of farms as he faces his desk. But so many of my neighbors, especially my young neighbors, are not contented with *their* lot, and look upon me, a man who deliberately foreswore a life in New York for a life on a farm three miles from the village, as one most curiously consti-

"He cuts his own fuel, he raises his own milk, butter, eggs, chickens, pork, ham, bacon, he could raise his own mutton and beef, he could, if a pinch came, grind his own meal and flour and even make his own clothes An entire creative process is under his direction and control"

"I have only to lift my eyes from green fields or garden beds to see line and form and color that quicken the pulse with pleasure, to see massive bulk that thrills as bulk always does, to hear, in the far, soft roar of the mountain waterfalls, a call to climb."

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TO THE GREEN HILLS

THE COUNTRY

Prichard Eaton

ever think of moving to the country? Mr. Eaton has lived both lives. He knows what he's talking about. Here you can match your longings with his experience.

tuted, that to them I feel like making a justification, almost a plea. It does little good, I am aware, to tell a young man or woman of spirit that something alluring is not always, to experience, as golden as it looks. Nor have I any desire to quench ambition, which, of course, finds its readiest outlet where men are most gathered together. I want merely to give certain personal testimony, in the hope that it may be of some slight value, here and there, to the discontented or wavering country dweller

My grandfather, who was a farmer, lived to be eighty-six, and my grandmother, who was a farmer's wife, lived to be ninety-nine. Neither of them was plagued with "nerves." It remained for me, their descendant, to tramp Greenwich Village streets, at four

"It may be that the modern cliff dwellings of Manhattan, produce men and women (and a few children) keener of mind, happier, healthier, than the old white pine dwellings of our fathers, with . . . . a wood shed, a flower garden . . . and maybe barns . . . But I have my doubts"

"But in the country I also know his wife and children, his horse and cows, his Ford and his potato blight, his joys and sorrows. He is my neighbor. He becomes oddly more human. I like him better. . . . He warms my sympathies and makes me friendly"

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A. M., a victim of insomnia, and to read magazines a year old in the waiting-room of a stomach specialist. After some years of this sort of existence I came to the conclusion that, all other considerations aside, the opportunity for exercise, the ability to sleep at night, the enjoyment of health, were preferable to the opportunity to hear Caruso sing or see George M. Cohan dance. Having always, in earlier years, lived an active, outdoor life, I was physically fretful, cramped, unhappy, in a city. Many and many a time I have, from mere muscular imprisonment, wanted to play the Samson, and push crashing down the buildings on Broadway till there was room to fill my chest and run a circle.

But, always, too, I felt a spiritual imprisonment. Deep down in their hearts, I think almost all country-bred men and women in a city feel something of this. Not only did my body want to push down the walls as a protest against its lack of hardy, outdoor exercise, but my soul wanted to push them down, that my eyes might see far horizons and green fields and blue mountains and my nostrils breathe clean air and my ears hear only the croon of winds or song of birds—soft, sweet sounds, that rest and satisfy. In plain language, I was homesick—homesick for the country.

Now, to be homesick for the country just in spring, when the leaves are coming out of the poor, gas-poisoned trees in Madison Square, doesn't mean much. But when you are homesick the year through it means either that you are lonely and depressed in the city or else that, by nature, you greatly prefer the things of the country. I was neither lonely nor depressed. I had hosts of friends, was tolerably successful as the world measures such things, and thoroughly enjoyed such urban "advantages" as theatres, concerts, libraries, stimulating debates, lectures, forums, clubs of all sorts, the pageant of the Avenue, the parade of the shop windows. I was, indeed, rather in the thick of things, and to leave them all meant a distinct wrench. Yet I left them.

I left them because my heart told me a mountain was a bigger thing than a new play, and a talk with a neighbor over a rail fence about what the town reads at least as important as one vote out of a million for or against Tammany Hall.

There is a superstition as old as cities, that because the city is large and the country town small, therefore the government of the former is the more important, and the people in the former more wideawake, intelligent, interesting, better informed. Yet the city government is only more important because it affects more people, and conversely, the more people it affects the less the ordinary individual can make his influence felt. The ordinary individual, wishing actively to help in the cooperative task of government, can actually accomplish far more, and feel far more personal responsibility, with its attendant glow of self-respect, in the country than in the city. Also, while it is unquestionably true that urban life and activities draw into the cities, or there breed up, men and women of exceptional range of information or exceptional keenness, the stimulation of whose minds is missed in the country, and has to be supplied by books, nevertheless the average man, in either city or country, remains about the same. He may change his clothes, his speech, even his manners. In the city he may call his country self a "rube." But he is the same person. I have known him in both places. His slow conservatism in both places has made me angry a thousand times. But in the country I also know his wife and children, his horse and cows, his Ford and his potato blight, his joys and sorrows. He is my neighbor. He becomes oddly more human. I like him better. In the city he never greatly stimulated my mental faculties, and he doesn't in the country, either. But he warms my sympathies and makes me friendly here, as he never used to do. Six of him, waiting for a Saturday night shave in the barber shop, do not very intelligently settle the peace of Europe (and neither does the Paris conference!), but they make quite as good jokes as the New York newspaper humorists, and I find myself mellowing. I never seemed to have time to mellow in New York.

I said the idea reached me that a mountain is bigger than a new play. I still enjoy going to New York and seeing a new play, and I can understand the rather wistful questions sometimes asked me when I come back. Those who have always seen the mountain,

"But my soul wanted to push them down that my eyes might see far horizons and green fields and

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blue mountains and my nostrils breathe clean air and my ears hear only the croon of winds . . "

and nothing but the mountain, regard it simply as a mountain and long to share in some spectacle where they can be, by a joyous imaginative process, active participants. Art is, at bottom, a release from the monotony of life. Yet sooner or later there is bound to come a time when all art must seem ephemeral, and what is beautiful and soul-satisfying in the natural world will alone bring consolation. I remember preaching once in a church in New York (a rash minister having asked me to take his place at the evening service), about what I called "the seeing eye," and taking for my text, as it were, the misty row of arc lamps that climbed the steep slope of a little, dingy park just outside the church door, the glow of sunset down a side street, the twilight veil when all the tall buildings are simply blue rectangles, in two dimensions, pricked with golden window squares—all the stray bits of unplanned beauty that the eye can find in a great town, to solace and console. I can still recall the eager glow on the faces of a score of people who, after the service, told me of their particular and individual bits of natural charm they found to make the town less drab. Well, my mountain rises eternally over me now, over the whole plain where our township lies, and the doming line of its summit is a line of serene and infinite grace and beauty, the colors of its wooden flanks, in misty spring, in verdant summer, in tapestried autumn, and especially in snowy winter, are forever changing, forever glorious in their rich harmonies. I have no drab town to forget; I have only to lift my eyes from green fields or garden beds to see line and form and color that quicken the pulse with pleasure, to see massive bulk that thrills as bulk always does, to hear, in the far, soft roar of the mountain waterfalls, a call to climb, to trail arbutus in the early spring, azalea when the leaves are out, lush berries in midsummer, wood for my fires in winter, and always, if I like, the sight below me of all the blue world to its rim. I cannot help preferring my mountain to the tapestries in the Metropolitan Museum, to the bulk of the Woolworth Tower, to the scene painting of Joseph Urban, to any appeal that art can make. I go to the works of art to see what my fellow men can accomplish. I come back to my mountain persuaded that all our efforts are but tiny copies of some greater work of nature, visible, perhaps, in a mountain line, an autumn color, but forever only hinted in the whisper of the wind through the aged hemlocks or the far thunder of the falling brook. I once heard of a southern mountaineer who had come back to his gray cabin up the Cumberland "cove" after trying the cities for a year. He said he "couldn't stand the water down there." But I know that his soul missed listening for the wordless lyric in the ripple of his cliffside spring.

I wish I could preach again, here in the country, in little white churches or big white (and two-thirds empty) meeting-houses, the gospel of the seeing eye, for I verily believe that a life without beauty is a life incomplete, unfulfilled, and that it is only its perpetual familiarity which blinds the country people to the beauty of their countryside and makes them feel a thinness, a poverty, in their esthetic existence which actually need not be, which actually ought to be converted into a richness quite beyond the reach of the city dweller. For myself, I can only say that I was forever anhungered in town and asking for bread—and they gave me a stone pavement and two stone prison walls. Now, tonight, as I write, with the young moon hung over the mountain and making silver the meadows where the hylas sing, with the smell of spring in the clean, soft air, with the healthy weariness from a day of planting in my muscles, I am full almost to satiety (if that were possible) with the sensuous loveliness of the world.

Planting! Doctors, lawyers, teachers, telephone girls, motormen, nearly all workers (except speculative stock brokers), are no doubt essential in modern civilization, but the tiller of the soil is under them all. The farmer works harder, longer hours and in many places (largely owing to our present wasteful methods of distribution of product) for less monetary return, than anybody else. His wife often works harder than he does. His children work nearly as hard, sometimes. It is not strange that they forsake the farm. At present, too, we are in a transition period when the farmer, having abandoned the habit of self-sufficiency (*Continued on Page* 68)

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"The city represents the joy of multitudes, and the highest pleasure of souls is gregarious. It

THE NEW CITY OF

By Doctor

Decoration by

MANKIND'S first residence was in a garden.

His last will be in a city.

The earliest tradition runs back to the Garden of Eden, as related in the beginning of the Bible. At the end of the Bible, John, the seer, looks to the final consummation of things and sees The Holy City coming down out of Heaven.

This is true to human nature. Human beings gravitate to cities as they emerge from savagery.

Civilization is of the crossroads.

Because civilization means learning to live together without cutting one another's throat.

The city is the triumph of cooperation. It implies inter-dependence, teamwork. Country life means independence, individualism.

The race noses its way through the uncharted sea of time. The city is the pount of its nose. City problems lie a century ahead of other problems.

The coagulation of people into cityclots is not confined to the United States. It is world wide.

We use arguments, reason, logic to induce men to go "back to the land." Nature uses instincts to draw men to cities. Instincts are destiny's arguments.

Why we love cities need not here be discussed. The point is that, as a mass, we do love them. And that as all the forces increase, which now are operating in humanity, we have every reason to believe they will make for the city more and more.

We began as roving animals, inhabiting the spaces. We shall end as citizens.

It may be interesting therefore to cast our prophetic and irresponsible eye forward to the Ultimate City, to build Saint John's city out of what material the past and present furnish.

And, first, the city of the future will be a growth.

You cannot manufacture a city any more than you can manufacture a tree. Both grow.

All attempts to build a city *de novo* have failed. All cities are absurd. They are in the wrong place. They are illogical. They are the despair of architects.

Anybody could pick out a better place for a metropolis than Rome or Chicago or London.

And all cities are ugly. They are full of deciduous teeth. Look at the amazing cowpaths of Boston, the jumbled dry-goods boxes in which families live in New York! What enormous expenditures were necessary to make over Paris! And note Amsterdam and Venice on stilts!

All of which goes to prove that no intelligent brain planned them, nobody made them. Like Topsy, they "just growed."

If some Aladdin with his genii were to take away New York City overnight and substitute for it the New York of 2019 we wouldn't know what to do with it. We couldn't use it. No more than the Manhattan Indians who dwelt on the island before Hendrik Hudson's day could use this New York of 1910. What would they do in the Woolworth Building or the Plaza Hotel? They would get along about as awkwardly as we should were we suddenly presented with the City of the Future.

STOP A MINUTE! what the City of Dream with him of show you how to help

The idea therefore of taking down our existing city and creating another, according to reason, is crazy. The City of the Future will always be the City of the Present.

And the City of the Present will always be imperfect, unsatisfactory, always be remaking, being torn down and improved. Like Peter Pan, it will never grow up.

Because it is human. And John Fiske says that the essential characteristic of man is his improvableness.

Our object should be, not to have an ideal city, but a city just ideal enough to be usable.

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floats before us. At every turn it seems no nearer But there is a city And it hath foundations"

BEAUTIFUL SLUMS

Frank Crane

T E Allen

Think with Dr. Crane the Future is to be. his ideal City. It will your City of Today.

No new idea is of value except as it mixes with those ideas we already have. As food, unless it is digested and assimilated into flesh, does nothing but give us indigestion.

That is why reformers do not succeed. Their ideas may be new and good, but they are indigestible.

If you suddenly were to see a pink elephant dance into the room with your grandmother sitting on it playing a grand piano, you, being sane and awake, would seek to verify your vision by pinching yourself and looking about you at familiar objects. Your vision not harmonizing with the rest of your conscious equipment, you would set it down as an optical illusion. The man who is asleep and dreams this, however, or the insane man, has no power of orientation and he thinks the elephant is real.

Anything to be permanent, to be adapted to human use, to serve mankind, must not only have future vision, but present fitness, and must also link with the past. James Bryce says that no institution can prosper that does not have its roots deep in the past.

We visualize the City of the Future, then, as a careful balance between the momentum of past traditions, present utility and the dreams of the future

As the Norse tree Ygdrasil has its roots in the past, its trunk in the present, its branches in the sky of the future, so this Future City is not some impossible nor fairy concept, some Bellamy fancy, but is to grow out of the city we now see about us.

The City of the Future will be a unity. It will be intensely cooperative.

Society trends constantly toward a more perfect and compact organism.

We are growing toward cooperation all the time

But growth is in spots. As water freezes in little points first, and afterward these points connect. As gray hairs appear here and there upon Ephraim, "and he knoweth it not," and soon his head is white.

So we see certain spots of unity now appearing (*"apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,"*). Labor unions are experiments in getting together among the workers. Trusts indicate the same force working among business men. Churches and sects are the sporadic congelation of the religious motive.

All these will grow and spread, some of them fail and others appear, until humanity at last learns the great art of unity. We are now keeping step here and there in little companies, preparatory to keeping step as one great army

Speaking of armies, the Allies won the war by getting together. At first the British were a unit, and the French and Americans. Finally they concentrated into one great unit, under Foch, and won. This is a picture of the race's struggle towards unity.

So the League of Nations would have been impossible before there were any well-drilled nations to league. Internationalism cannot be colloidal, that is, one gluey, indistinguishable mass. You can't have an Internation without nations. France, Great Britain and America each had to practice long years, building up a national spirit, before any abiding world-unity was possible.

But always the eternal forces of progress drive men and nations toward greater and larger unity, first little groups, then these merging into the larger group.

So will come the Millennium, the Golden Age, which is merely the ripening of cooperation.

Every "big business" is simply a larger grouping. Woolworth succeeded with his chain-stores, not by any brand-new idea, not by creating something before unknown, but simply by saving the enormous waste of retailing by organization.

P. D. Armour was perhaps the world's greatest merchant. His success lay in no new way of packing meat, but in or-

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ganizing, by substituting the Chicago stockyards for a million little country town slaughter houses. He got rich by saving the waste of competition by means of co-operation.

I live in an apartment house where there are some forty other families. We all take milk. We are served by some ten milkmen. These cross and recross each other's path. They maintain separate dairies. One big dairy firm could attend to us all at one-quarter of the cost. All this waste we have to pay for. It is added to the price of milk per quart.

Some day the city will see the vast price it pays for the waste of competition in milk. We shall have one organization, which will herd the kine and carry their product to the people. For every human being wants milk.

Now, we shall not get this all at once, in a day. We are getting it now, getting towards it. Several milk trusts have been formed. People have cursed them, as they usually curse anything that means progress. By and by when there are only three or four giant milk trusts the people will quietly take them over.

The possibilities of cooperation are intoxicating to the imagination. What can we not accomplish in the way of unified teamplay in the direction of housing, gas, light, heat, electricity, transportation, besides staple foods, such as bread, meat and milk!

The City of the Future will certainly be one highly organized, homogeneous, cooperative, smooth-running, low-cost-of-living machine. The people will not rebel against it nor fret under it, because they will have made it themselves, it will be the gradual fruition of a tree already planted and now growing.

Which brings us to the third point, that the City of the Future will be highly socialized but not Socialistic.

As to Socialism as a theory I have nothing here to say; except that it is a theory.

Furthermore, the results it offers never can possibly be produced by a theory, because they are the natural outgrowth of a free-working Democracy.

Socialism kills the goose that lays the golden egg. Democracy is the goose.

We grow toward perfection not by getting what is best for us, but by getting what we want. This way we learn and improve.

All progress is by a series of mistakes. Democracy is always making them. So it learns common sense.

Besides, Socialism emphasizes class. Democracy tends to obliterate class. And class is the eternal clog on progress, the most venerable foe to civilization, for it prevents getting together, it is a constant force for heterogeneity.

For this reason, while Socialism as a scheme seems progressive, yet whenever it is put into any sort of practical operation it is reactionary. Because of its septic class notions it is not cohesive but disintegrating in its effect upon the body politic.

The City of the Future will be beautiful.

Now it is beautiful in spots only. We have artistic mansions on the boulevards and in the exclusive suburbs, but hideous slums. The business portion of any city is an esthetic crime.

Why?

For two reasons. One, we have never realized the utility of beauty. And two, art has not yet caught the spirit of democracy.

We do not regard beauty as a necessity. With us it is a luxury. Let us have it "if we can afford it," but it is for the rich, for the people with a surplus.

Now this is the truth that some day we must come to: that beauty is absolutely essential to public morals, to good citizenship and to healing the sores of civilization.

There is an intimate connection between crime and ugly homes, between thugs and the cheap, garish, stinking saloons they frequented (not only an alcoholic, but also an esthetic connection), between lazy, trifling, ignorant men and women and the filthy lots where they played as children among the jimson weeds, old tomato cans and goats.

Unclean streets breed unclean minds. Wretched chairs, carpets and wall-paper make wretched souls.

I am amazed at the paucity of imagination among millionaires. All they can think of, in the way of using their money to perpetuate their name, is the same things millionaires, kings and other magnificences have done for five thousand years. They build gingerbread palaces on Fifth Avenue or country estates on Long Island, precisely as the nabobs of ancient Rome erected gorgeous habitations in the city or laid out summer homes along the lower Tiber or up towards Tivoli.

If you want to do something real, and big, and new, with your money, O millionaire, build beautiful slums!

If you want to help the little country town where you were brought up, don't present it with a library, or memorial church, or organ, or fountain. *Build a beautiful street.* Tear down the facade of the main street and remake it artistically!

The matter with art is the same that is the matter with most other forms of genius. It is snobbish. It is monarchical. It is medieval. It is a thousand years behind the times. It hasn't breathed the *Zeitgeist*. It has not caught step with Democracy.

Artists are still painting pictures on canvas to put in heavy gilt frames to hang in the house of the rich soap-maker, or carving statues to adorn the oil-king's park, or making gewgaws to put in cases in museums.

Why don't they make beautiful stores and office buildings, where life functions, where the great brain and purpose of the nation is forging? Why don't they clean out the haircloth sofas and dreadful bedsteads, tables and whatnots of the U. S. Grant period that cramp and starve the souls of the commons and make Democracy beautiful?

They will—some day. No Holy City of past dreams is going to be so beautiful as the down-town district of the City of the Future, with its not one but hundreds of Woolworth Buildings, its vast cañons as imposing as the lanes of heaven, its golden spires, leaping fountains, harmonious colors. Pittsburgh in 2019 will be more beautiful than Venice in 1300 or Nineveh in the days of her highest grandeur.

But it will be a beauty that shall come through the realization of Democracy.

And through the grasping of the truth that *only the useful is beautiful and only the beautiful is useful.*

The dominating feature of the City of the Future will be its public schools.

If Socrates were to revisit the earth and come to an American city he would find much that would be familiar. Churches—Athens had temples; shops and business houses—they were plentiful in Greece; residences, poor men's hovels and rich men's barracks, courthouses and senate-houses, jails and granaries; all these he would recognize though changed somewhat in form.

But the great public schools would be a new note.

The public school is the characteristic feature of the twentieth century landscape. The world, especially America, is paying attention to the education of children as it never did before.

But not enough yet. In fact, the great business of education has hardly begun. *Some day it will be the chief business of the city.*

No business of the human race is as essential as that of training the next generation.

The school-teacher will be "the biggest man in town"—not the mayor, nor chief of police, nor billionaire.

At present teachers are inadequately trained, absurdly paid and as a class incompetent. The profession does not attract the ablest minds of the country.

Because we do not yet realize the overtopping importance of the school.

We do not yet see that it is easier to put a reform into effect through the school-room than through (*Continued on Page* 73)

WOMEN IN 2019

"THE CITY of the Future will be run by women. Because women are by nature more capable of running things than men. They are administrative. Men are creative. They are born economists. Women will be mayors, aldermen, policemen, legislators and all such things, because they are naturally conservative, work well with institutions and know how to keep up loose ends."

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"Simple Bill was holding the dog over the rail of the boat. But he could not drop her"

COMPREE COMES TO AMERICA

A Dog Story

By A. W. Alcott

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

EDDIE WALES was young—and very homesick.

It was a mild morning in the early spring of 1918, and the kid doughboy sat on the grimy doorstep of his billet with his head pillowed on his arms.

He did not know enough about the great war to realize how ominous a thing was this bewildering avalanche of German troops that had overwhelmed the British forces up St. Quentin way. In fact, he had never heard of St. Quentin. Only fragmentary, much-censored tidings of the battle filtered as far as the dingy little town where Eddie Wales' regiment—the then untried Twenty-third—was pausing for breath after its first appearance in the lines. Eddie did not know that the whole world was in an agony of suspense and that all its hopes and fears hung on its last reserve army of which he was, at that moment, a somewhat melancholy member.

Perhaps, however, a little of France's depression had communicated itself to him. Certainly, a great nostalgia was upon him and his thoughts were all of a small, red-brick house up a side street in West Philadelphia. Just then, jogging around the corner and down the street came a little, black, silken-haired dog, a shaggy, pert, roguish-looking dog whose eyes had an unexpected way of turning suddenly into two blinking wells of amber light. Her ancestry was uncertain. Eddie said later that she was a spaniel, only he called it a "spannel" because his mother came from the Berkshires. Supply sergeants and captains and the like, who affected great wisdom in such matters, used to look knowingly at her teeth and the roof of her mouth and declare that, if you asked them, she was at least part *canicke*, a poor relation, perhaps, but still a member of that distinguished family of French dogs who have been trained for countless generations to lead the blind.

In the middle of the street she plumped herself down and stared long and curiously at Private Wales. Her feathery tail waved tentatively. Finally she tried looking at him with her head to one side. This seemed to settle matters, for, trotting over to his side, she snuggled close to him, rested her nose on his knee, and thumped that tail with infectious enthusiasm. She might just as well have blurted outright:

"You are the most wonderful thing I have ever seen."

Eddie chuckled. He had the distinctly gratifying feeling that he was being adopted. He was right. Day or night, in battle or on the march, for better or for worse, she never left him again through any fault of hers.

No one in the village seemed to have any claims on her, nor did the weary French soldiers who drifted through demand her, as Eddie feared they would. She was affable with all the company

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and particularly gracious to the cooks. But she belonged to Eddie.

"Her name," he confided to his corporal, as if he had reached the decision after a long, inner struggle, "her name is Compree."

When Private Wales was at mess, Compree sat hopefully at his side and the cooks soon realized that a casual had joined the outfit.

"Remember, it's for two," they would say, and pile the tins extra high when Eddie passed in the line.

SHE slept with him at night, and on his first day back in the trenches, she went along, a little puzzled and very much underfoot. She became trench-broken soon enough, however, and nothing could have induced her to go up on the parapet. The gas mask he laboriously devised for her out of an old French mask she regarded at first with suspicion. Then she seemed to think it was some new kind of game Eddie wanted her to play. But, once when she was trying to paw the muzzle loose, she caught whiff of gas. After that, the mask remained unmolested until a reassuring pat of Eddie's hand told her everything was all right. When it was his turn to do outpost duty, he was sure of a silent, friendly companion in the darkness. She learned to sleep under the ceaseless whine of the shells and even when the ground trembled from the anger of the guns, she would only wiggle her nose and whimper a bit in her dreams.

It was in mid-May that Compree gratified the Company by presenting them with two puppies, two groping, insatiably hungry, miniature reproductions of Compree herself, to whom they seemed permanently attached for rations. Cognac and Pinard, as they were immediately named, had just begun to manifest a vague interest in the world, when, at the end of May, the regiment again took to the highway. An historic march it was, for while the troops were still on the road, the order came for them to get across France as fast as their trucks and their legs would carry them to help stop the Germans at Chateau-Thierry.

This empire-shattering event had its special complications for Private Wales. The quartermaster and ordnance geniuses, in carefully devising a pack that should represent the portable limit of human endurance, had neglected to allow for one basket and puppies—two, black, issue. Eddie managed it somehow, and whether on the road or in a truck, Compree followed close at his heels, a little worried, but sure that everything would come out all right somehow.

Then, on the Paris road, all lines seemed to converge. Trucks, ambulances, kitchens, cannon, interminable platoons, all moving forward under white clouds of choking dust. There passed them on the road, long, blue chains of exhausted French soldiers and impassive old men and women in flight; rickety wagons loaded with frightened children and household goods; wheelbarrows piled high and trundled wearily in the twilight; little herds of cows and pigs driven back from the ever-advancing zone of danger. And in the midst of this nightmare confusion, Eddie, looking down to pass his dog assurance that all was well with her pups, found that she was gone.

There was no sign of her when the regiment made shift for the night in the pasture land beside the road. There was no sign of her when the dawn awakened him.

Faintly now the wind was bringing down the Marne Valley the booming of the distant guns. The word was spreading somehow through the clusters of rousing troops that at last, after a year, the war was on in earnest. Wild tales were afloat of what was going on up there. Eddie gazed helplessly at his two wriggling charges. A French grandmère, who had gone to sleep on the roadside where her one remaining possession, a salvaged cow, was tethered, proffered a little milk and, with the medicine dropper from his kit, he tried feeding Cognac and Pinard. It did not work very well.

It was the old woman who, with a torrent of words and a few helpful gestures, advised that he chuck the basket and try carrying the pups pouched in his dusty shirt. He did not want them at all but, somehow, he had faith that Compree would find him again and he did not want to face her without the children she had entrusted to his care.

THE march was more hurried that morning, the traffic heavier, the white dust blinding under the June sun. The sound of the guns grew more and more distinct. The lead ambulance of a field hospital, looking for a good place to pitch its tents, seemed just to creep along the road above La Ferté-sur-Jouarre. It was jammed at last and the top sergeant, sitting beside the driver, was pouring forth his maledictions on the blundering trucks ahead when suddenly a doughboy, big-eyed and solemn, ran up and jumped on the step.

"It's going to be a big fight," he stammered. "I can't keep these any longer. I've lost the mother somewhere. I'll try to come back and get them."

With that he planted something warm on the startled sergeant's lap, gazed wistfully at him, and dropped back out of sight. The something was a pair of puppies. It is a wonder that that field hospital ever got set up in time to receive the endless procession of wounded it was destined to care for that week, so engrossed was the personnel all through the first afternoon in its effort to find some milk for these two casuals. A solitary cow, roaming wildly in the field nearby, eluded capture. The mess sergeant's routine mind could suggest only corned willy and the problem remained to be solved next morning.

Cognac and Pinard lay asleep on a pile of gauze in the garden of the Château of the Guardian Angel which the hospital had appropriated. The top stood at the gate watching the troops plod by. It was then he noticed a black dog trotting anxiously along the highway, coming from the direction of Montreuil-aud-Lions. She, too, was watching the troops, dodging the trucks, pausing at each wayside knot to investigate. Suddenly, at the château gate, she halted square in her tracks. Up went her head. She sniffed and then, turning, streaked through the gate and across the lawn, straight as a die to the spreading elm and the pile of gauze. For a little while, all work about the hospital was suspended by unanimous consent. Everyone had to watch the family reunion.

"See," said the sergeant, pushing back the dusty hair on the mother-dog's side, "she's been wounded. A bit of shrapnel tore her there. She's been up to the lines."

So it came to pass that the first case dressed in the field hospital at the Château of the Guardian Angel was Compree.

The next day, and after that, day and night, day and night, no one there had time to think of her. Nor time to sleep or rest at all. For the wounded began to come. Ambulance after ambulance left torn and battered, marines and infantrymen there for a little while on their way to the rear. It was from the grinning courage of these men through all the pain that there leaped forth like an electric spark an inspiration which left all the A. E. F. a-tingle.

There was not an ambulance which backed up to the door of the receiving room that Compree did not attend, not a stretcher lifted gently out that she did not sniff.

"I know what's she's up to," said the top with reviving interest. "Here we've taken her in and adopted her and she doesn't care two sous for us. She's looking for that doughboy of hers."

Then one night—it was just before dawn—he nudged the tired young surgeon on duty in the receiving room.

"See there," he said, "she's found him."

The orderlies had stepped back, for, with a little joyous bark, Compree had pushed past them and taken charge of a case herself—nosing up and down the limp body on the stretcher and finally settling to the task of cleaning his dirty, bloody face and hands with her rough, pink tongue. The top himself made out the tag for which he took the data from the identity disk dangling at the soldier's throat. The tag read: "PvtEdWales Co M 23 Inf wound left shoulder shell shock."

FOR two days Eddie lay drowsy on a cot in the garden that looked down across the sunlit valley of the Marne. From where he lay he could see first the heap of gas-drenched uniforms, then the heads of the grave diggers as they worked on the edge of the orchard and then, far below, the silver river itself. Visitors were led out to see him, not because the doctors found his case one of any interest—they said he would be up and back in the lines before the summer was gone—but because it was worth while seeing that picture of the mother dog and her puppies asleep at his feet, and amusing to watch the suspicious attention with which Compree stood guard whenever it was necessary to shift Eddie's bandages.

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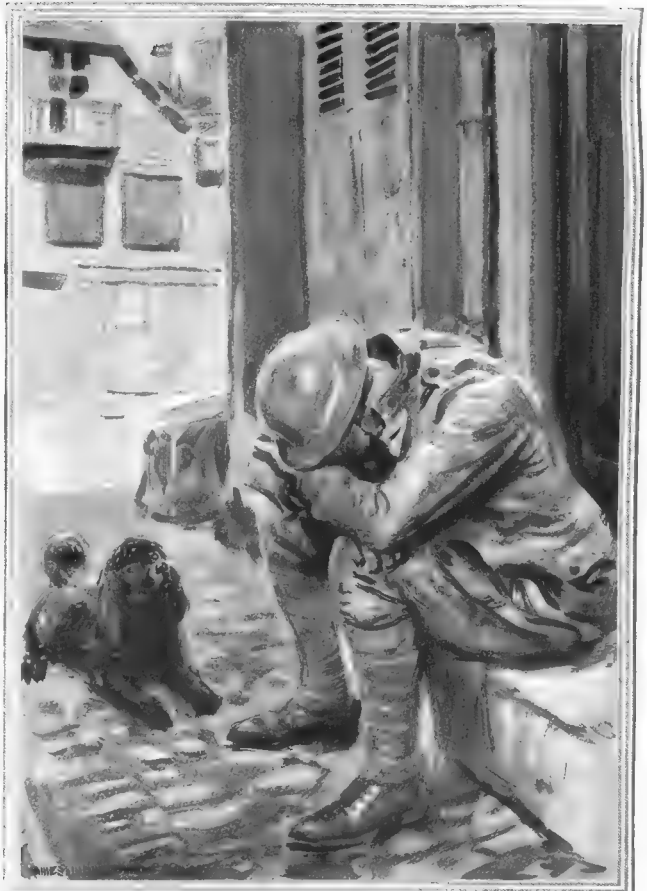

"In the middle of the street she plumped herself down and stared long and curiously at Private Wales. Her feathery tail waved tentatively. Finally she tried looking at him with her head to one side"

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Then, when it came time to ship Case 2437 back through Meaux and Paris to one of the base hospitals, the "top" called a council of war in the château to settle the question of Compree. The dog would surely trail the ambulance, but just as surely she and her doughboy would get separated somewhere in the complicated machinery of evacuation. There was nothing else to do but salvage her for him and that is why Compree and her brood were locked in the major's room when Eddie was taken away, the while the "top," hanging over the tailboard of the G. M. C., promised by all that was holy to take care of Compree and return her to her rightful owner after the war.

It was just as well that this was arranged, for there were four far-separated hospitals to go through before the Medical Department cast off Private Wales. Then came a reclassification camp and a replacement depot. Summer waxed and waned. The old Forest of Argonne had blazed forth in all its autumn reds and yellows before Eddie, no longer a derelict, showed up once more in the line, landed once more in a squad and company of his own and that was to be his until his demobilization in America.

He came unscathed out of his last attack and the day that the armistice was signed Eddie's new regiment, weary from a month of steady battling in the mud, was dropping back to rest on a bleak, inexpressibly dismal hillside, where, a fortnight before, many young American lives had been prodigally spent. He and his new buddie, an almost witless youngster called Simple Bill, who tagged around after Eddie with something of the lost dog's fidelity, made themselves comparatively comfortable under a pup-tent, and too dog-tired to care if the mist and mud did find them out, they slept and slept and slept.

It was while he lay there on that morning of November 11 that Eddie was roused by something which tugged and worried at his sleeve, and finally by the feel of a tongue licking frantically at his dirty hand. It was a slow business, his rolling and crawling out to investigate and, for a moment, he just stared. Then Simple Bill heard him calling out —for that matter the whole company heard him calling out:

"It's Compree! It's Compree come back to me!"

"Scarlet with humiliation, the young lieutenant went forward spoiling for showed at Simple Bill. "Eddie's, sir," answered the soldier. "Don't you

They saw a black dog, caked with Argonne mud and apparently gone mad. She was racing around and around the field in ever-widening circles, barking shrilly as she went and seeming, to the torpid company, like a visible streak of sound.

"I'll bet," they said, "that someone's just told her the war's over."

Then they saw her run to the side of the road and look far down to where a train of ambulances, a field hospital under way, was just disappearing around the bend. The little black dog stood there, a picture of indecision, looking first down the road, then back to the pup-tent where Private Wales stood watching her. Then, whimpering a little, she ran to him and snuggled her nose against his leg as he dropped to his knees and buried his face in her hair.

After that Eddie and Compree were never very far apart. Compree saw to that. She was willing to romp with everyone and assumed, apparently, that all legs swathed in puttees of olive drab were attached to friendly folk on whose amiability she could count. She responded with an inexhaustible show of interest to all the blandishments from the other men in Company K, whom she allowed to continue under the delusion that she was company mascot. She liked to have them exhibit her wound stripe, the little patch of white hair where the shrapnel wound had healed. But it was always with one eye on Eddie. If he moved away, if he so much as got to his feet preparatory to moving away, she would wriggle and wrench herself free from whatever group held her and bound in jubilant pursuit, yelping with excitement and thoroughly convinced that at last the great adventure of her life was under way. She never quite forgave Eddie for

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a chance to bully someone in turn - - - - - "Whose dog is that?" he know it's against the rules to bring dogs aboard?" snarled the lieutenant

leaving her behind in Simple Bill's custody on the epoch-making night when he got a twenty-four hours' leave to Barle-Duc. Simple Bill said she cried all night.

It was just as well, Eddie thought, that the company should have adopted her, for it meant co-operation when, at the base-port on the day of embarkation the problem of smuggling Compree aboard the transport came up for solution. That particular port, at the time, was going through a spasm of severity in enforcing the rules against the transport of miscellaneous and unimportant animals unknown to the regulations. Only registered, pedigreed dogs were allowed aboard, a restriction against which Company K, having fought to make the world safe for democracy, rebelled to a man—including the captain. The regimental surgeon, who had already been consulted professionally about the rabbits which Company A meant to present to Central Park was called in at the last moment to administer a sleeping potion to Compree to insure her lying quiet in Eddie's haversack. They well knew that it would take some strong drug to prevent her personally and officiously superintending the embarkation of the entire company.

So Compree was borne off undetected to the nether regions of the boat where Eddie and Simple Bill were quartered. That is how she left her native land. That, too, is how she happened to encounter Lieutenant Harold DeKay, Infantry.

The "infantry" in this case was a trifle misleading. Lieutenant DeKay had found himself nominally in that stern branch of the service when he emerged from the Plattsburg camp which he had been free to attend in all its preliminary sessions because, for the first three years after leaving college, he had not quite settled down to any engrossing occupation. He was still looking vaguely about him, in fact, when he saw the war.

However, once in France, he had slid into the postal service at one of the base ports and it was not until considerably after the armistice that—to his great delight, as he wrote his friends—he was assigned to troops. How delighted the troops were he did not say and probably did not know.

The third day out at sea Lieutenant DeKay, on duty in connection with ship's guard, ran afoul at 5 A. M. of an irritated colonel, who, snatching at a straw, vented his exasperation on the passing lieutenant, to the only partially concealed entertainment of a group of spectators. Scarlet with humiliation, the young lieutenant went forward, spoiling for a chance to bully someone in turn. Unhappily, the first person he encountered was Simple Bill, whom at dawn each day Eddie would send up to give Compree a chance for an airing and a run on the deck. It did not help matters that Compree immediately displayed a deep, personal interest in the lieutenant's shiny boots.

"Whose dog is that?"

"Eddie's, sir."

"Who's Eddie?"

"Why, he's my buddie."

"Don't you know it's against the rules to bring dogs aboard the transport?" snarled the lieutenant.

"Yes, sir, but——"

"That will do. Throw it overboard."

Simple Bill's face went white. Then there was a moment's pause.

Simple Bill was holding the dog over the rail of the boat. But he could not drop her. A sudden and complete paralysis could not have stayed his arm any more surely than the overwhelming desire that swept over him to save the dog. In the maelstrom of emotion he forgot everything but the dog he had grown to love—he forgot even courts-martial.

"Did you hear me? 'Overboard' I said," roared Lieutenant DeKay, advancing sharply towards him.

Could it be possible that any order of his was fruitless? Could it be that a private dared fail to follow his direction? A flood of rage rolled through young DeKay. He gave a swift and malevolent look at Simple Bill, raised his arm as if (*Continued on Page 66*)

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ANGELO PATRI

His father, a common laborer, but with a poet's soul, brought him here from Italy, a child. He was sent to school, then to work, then to college—on wages of $2.00 a day. Now at 43, he is principal of one of New York's biggest public schools.

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THE SCHOOL THAT EVERYBODY WANTS

Pictured by a Schoolmaster Who Is Working to Achieve It

By Angelo Patri

GERMANY staked her life on an educational system and lost out. What will America do with her schools in the reorganization that is upon us? We who are a part of America's school system and therefore largely responsible for its product, are thinking seriously about this. What is best to do that we make no mistakes? How pitch our schools that the children of America may take their proper place in the scheme of the nations—the leadership of the world?

What is it we want for our children? How shall our children differ from those of other nations of the earth to America's everlasting honor and glory?

America, whether of her own initiative or of God's great plan, has taken the leadership of the world. With it comes great and solemn responsibility. We who have undertaken to say what shall be the fate of the weak and oppressed of the earth, make ourselves responsible for the welfare of those people. We who have undertaken to say what is the right and what is the wrong of great world problems have much need of wisdom. We who have undertaken to teach our theories of government and expound our gospel of every day living, have great need of humility and love and understanding.

How shall we equip Young America for the part it is to play on the stage of the world?

How shall we teach that these children shall go forth from us able to carry world responsibilities, imbued with wisdom, endowed with humility, and love and understanding, proud to use their talents in the service of their country to which their lives are dedicated?

Father and Mother out in the villages, I am talking to you. The little school where your children are taught the barest facts about reading, writing and arithmetic by a very nice girl, is stingy, starved, pitiful, when it is measured in terms of what you might give your children if you got to work to think about it. I said "pitiful."

You people of the towns, I am talking to you. You say—I have heard you say it—"Our school is pretty fairly up-to-date. We have a good primary and the grammar is not so bad. We have a first-rate high school. It needs a little equipment, but then—as things go—we have a pretty good school."

Your school is stingy and starved and pitiful and mean, when measured in terms of what you might give your children did you set your minds upon it. I said, "mean."

Fathers and Mothers of the city schools, I am talking to you. What do you know about your schools? What are they doing to make your children fit to take their part in the great future just ahead of America? You don't know. All you did last term and the term before that, was to sign the children's report cards and let it go at that. Your school is stingy and starved and mean and stupid when measured in terms of what you might do for your children if you set your minds about it. I said "stupid."

Each child in America counts. He has a duty to perform in service to his country, to his family, to himself. And, in the life of each child there dawns the one Big Day. On it he changes from child to man. It may be a great world-war that heralds its dawning; it may be the burning of genius; it may be the ripening of a great desire for service; it may be stern necessity, but dawn that Day will, though the child dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth; and the new man sets out on the quest that will mean the fullness of life for him. All that went before was but preparation. All that follows the Big Day is the fulfilment.

For this we have schools. The school is the heart of the Nation. It must beat true that the Big Day for each may dawn in full splendor.

The old school is gone. The new school is coming. You, the people, demanded it even while you defended the Little Red School House of sentimental memory. From all sides you assailed us.

The Labor man said, "The education laws must be amended. It is unthinkable that each child in the United States has not the opportunity for full, free education. It is unthinkable that any child in the United States can be deprived of his education because he has to earn his living.

"Amend the laws. Give all children an equal opportunity. Then see that your schools do their duty. You are doing a very sloppy job."

The pastor said, "Teach the children right conduct. This nation is in danger of becoming Godless. A child in my parish was arrested last week. These things would be bettered if your schools did their full duty to the children. There must be more personal interest in the children if the schools are to succeed. There must be better teaching. It must react outside the school subjects. Your schools are too narrow."

The business man grew red in the face and shook his fist. "What do you mean by sending out children who cannot write a decent business note? Why cannot they add a column of figures without a mistake? Why are they not prompt and quick and intelligent? Your schools are mighty inefficient."

The parent scolded. He said too much or too little. It was very difficult to understand just what he was driving at. "Things were different when I went to school!" By different he meant better. Time is a great beautifier.

What you were really telling us was that you needed the new school. You were right.

When the pastor spoke of the boy who had gone astray he was not worrying about that particular boy. He was really troubled about what was behind that boy.

When the Labor man denounced our "sloppy job" he was thinking of the big job of making American citizens.

When the business man grew red in the face and arraigned the schools he was not thinking of the few boys that came his way and had to be taught the routine of his office. He was thinking in terms of world fitness.

When the parent fretted about the schools he was wondering if they were doing the best possible thing for his children.

The complaints, the protests, the criticisms leveled at the schools were and are made in the anxiety and dread that fills each heart at the idea that the children may not be fitted to take their places in the great scheme of the new order.

Germany had the best schools in the

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world. She said so and we believed her. We talked respectfully, even enviously, of German discipline, German thoroughness, German efficiency. Yet the product of her schools killed the cathedral of classic beauty and committed deeds that will make Germany's name a hissing and a by-word for the years to come. We are trying to forget that we ever endorsed the German idea of education.

What was wrong? The system was seemingly perfect.

The great error lay in the fact that the schools were devised, not by the people, but by a special group. They were deadly, damnably efficient, but they did not belong to the people.

IN a Democracy the people say "our" schools, never "your" schools. You, Labor man, Pastor, Business man, Parent, must make the schools your own.

Pastor, lay aside your finely specialized creed as you did when you served the boys in the trenches and serve the boys in the benches. The schools need you.

Labor man, keep on telling the school authorities what it is you want for the children. Preach your gospel of a square deal and practice it in relation to the schools and you will serve your generation past the service of most men.

Business man, look at the school as a medium of service to your country and serve it as you served your country, loyally, unselfishly, intelligently, financially. Back the school with your brains and your money.

If you, the people will do this, the new school just opening in America, will come faster. It will be the greatest and best that a country ever had. It will be all you ever hoped it could be.

We all agree that the American Public School should be good enough for the best child in the land and it won't be any too good then.

The best school is the one that trains the minds and hands of its children and sends them out self-respecting, self-sustaining citizens.

America is a nation of workers. Remember how we chortled with joy when the law was passed that made every able-bodied citizen account for his job? Essential industry—a man-sized job? That was what we always had believed in and here it was and we took a grim satisfaction in seeing the slackers get to work. Right there the man who could work with his hands and his brains came into fashion. He is going to remain the style for some years to come. Here lies one of the basic ideas of the new school.

The notion that the slow-minded child, the motor-minded child, is to be given specialized shop work and trained for the trades, without regard to the training of his intellect or his tastes, is stupid.

The notion that the alert, quick-minded child is to be trained in books and books only and so become a leader in the affairs of the nation is more stupid.

The new school believes that children know only what they experience at first hand.

Take a school in the country. The class is studying about robins. After they have gathered the facts about a robin the class proceeds to build a bath for him. They gather stones, select a favorable spot, and with cement and stones, and sand and water and good common sense build a bath for their friend.

They will learn many things working out this project. Did you ever mix cement, ever gather stones? Ever select the site for a bird bath? Do you know the right depth to make it? Would you make it the same depth all the way through? Do you know how to find the place the robin would like to have his bath placed in, if he were neighbor to a school?

The child who plans a job and carries it through to the point where he personally tests it, and finds that it is good, has the training that lasts. When he writes a sentence it will have meaning. When he makes a part for a machine it will fit. When he adds a column of figures it is likely to be correct.

This combination of hand and brain work gives the child a standard of values. It is not the proficiency in making the bird bath, or cutting out the pattern that counts. If it were, it would become a trade idea.

The sewing room is not to train workers for the garment industry. It is rather to give the children an appreciation of good workmanship, of good fabrics, tastes that will abide through life.

The science room is not to teach children to become engine drivers or chemists. It is to give them the feeling of adventure, a search for the truth, a love of accuracy, an attitude of mind that will abide with them through life.

THE Three R's will be taught in the new school. Taught thoroughly. Taught without indirectness or sugar coating. Taught in sincerity, with respect to their right to take a place in the day's work.

The tables, the spelling words and sounds, the basic reading lessons must be taught so that there is no bungling them when the child wants to use his tools of learning. It is pitiful to meet a child in the upper grades fumbling about to know how much seven times seven makes when he should have the knowledge automatically ready.

There was a teacher in the Public Schools who used to teach the number tables to the little children. She would enter the room like a freshening breeze. Her eyes shone with the joy of her work. The children brightened as she entered. No need to call them to attention. Their little fingers stretched for the pencils as eagerly as hers for the chalk. They knew their tables as definitely and as responsively as they knew their names.

"Of course they know them," she said. "How could they help it? Isn't it wonderful? Two and two make four is a wonderful thing. It is so for always. It will never fail you. It is impossible to have it make anything else. It is so easy to teach number tables. The rhythm and swing of them comes to us down from the skies. Because the stars swim true, because the earth rolls true these tables are true. You know them perfectly for there is no other way."

The new school believes in art. Art is the appreciation of things beautiful based on the knowledge that the search for the truth is the most beautiful, the most lovely thing in the world.

We of America work too hard and too long. Resting is an art. After God made the world He rested. He rested and looked back at it and said it was very good. And while He rested He listened to the music of it all. The oceans roared and sighed and whispered in tones that filled the vaults of space with divine music. The winds played through the trees and the morning stars sang together.

Always after labor one rests It is the law. God would have it so. At the close of the day, little Jimmy Wren sits above his nest and sings. All day on tireless wings he has carried food for the little family safely sheltered in the nest His work done, he pours out his content and satisfaction and thankfulness in music that makes glad his soul and all those who hear him

The working man, home from the toil of the day, reaches for the old book that carries him far from the things that weary the body and lifts up his soul until it sings out its joy and satisfaction and content.

The new school educates the child for the enjoyment of leisure. The children must have the inspiration of the great masters. That is their heritage. They must know the work of those ahead of them and follow them, as they struggle each to express the bit of God in his soul.

The nation whose schools had forgotten this, died, for it had forgotten God

Some of our children will long to express the beauty of the world about them, some in music, some in stone some in color, some in motion, some in beautiful words. So be it.

We will teach music that is fine, with the soul of the artist winging through it We will teach motion and color and dramatics. We will teach literature that shall be an inspiration to the children all their lives long. We will teach the use of tools, for the craftsman's art is carried into our homes. We need beautiful furniture and beautiful things around us We will teach so that there shall be no ugliness in America, neither ugliness of body nor of spirit.

THE playground in the new school is a great place. It is big. The growing child needs space and the feeling of space. There are shade and water and toilet facilities. There are plenty of places to wash one's hands. There is a corner for the little ones and spaces set apart for the boys' games and for the girls' games. There are swings and slides and courts and sand heaps, and balls and bats and everything else that children want to play with.

The formal exercises—those awful things that you do when you stand in line and jerk your arms and legs to the musical howl (*Continued on Page 70*)

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William Cameron Sproul, the new Governor of Pennsylvania, is an enthusiastic advocate of Community Service and leads the commission in his home town, Chester. He is also one of Chester's big employers. He is a large, two-fisted, warm-hearted man, with a capacity for making friends and getting things done. He has already put through his state legislature an impressive social program.

Said the Governor of Pennsylvania

"I KNOW IT WORKS"

By Howard Brubaker

HE WAS talking about community service in the city of Chester—a modern Tower of Babel—and about what was done to make its 50,000 aliens into one big family.

NOW that the war is over, let's all have a little fun.

It must be a wholesome kind of fun, of course, and it must be passed around liberally so that everybody will get a helping. It must be organized by communities with a national clearing house to get things started and see that the good ideas are put into circulation.

It is some such task as this that has been tackled by Community Service, Inc., a husky infant which is the child of War Camp Community Service, which, in turn, was descended from the Playground and Recreation Association. Joseph Lee, who is perhaps America's leading authority on having a good time, was the president of all three organizations.

War Camp Community Service, as no toastmaster can ever be prevented from saying, "needs no introduction at my hands." This is the organization which made the red circle a prominent feature of the landscape, which maintained those "smile" posts" that did so much for the comfort and amusement and morale of the soldiers in the neighborhood of the camps. It had an army of 2,700 trained workers and 60,000 volunteers. It handed out information, home-cooked meals, dances, friendliness and soap. It did everything possible for the khaki fellows when they were out of bounds and demanding amusements.

Now Community Service proposes to do for everybody what the parent organization did for the men in uniform, and a great deal more. It has been dis-

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covered that morale is a handy thing to have around the country in peace as well as in war. Community Service has inherited many of the workers, much of the enthusiasm and a little of the money of the older organization. Although it has been in existence only a few months, it has already shown surprising vitality.

Its story really begins at Chester—at once the oldest and the newest city in Pennsylvania, for the work of the twelve great war shipyards of the region jumped the population from 40,000 to 90,000 and filled the town to overflowing with husky, swarthy men—people of alien faces and twenty-seven strange tongues. The result—not to throw any brickbats at Chester, for a hundred industrial cities could tell the same tale—was a pretty sorry mess. Housing conditions were intolerable, sanitary provisions inadequate, recreations almost nonexistent. The result was inevitable; Chester was a sore spot. They were building ships there but they were also building disaster.

IT was here that the Government, which was the cause of all this trouble, took a hand. The War Camp Community Service, already operating in 600 communities adjacent to camps, was extended to a number of cities where war work was being done—among them the Pennsylvania cities of Chester, Bethlehem, Bristol, Erie, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg and Scranton. The coming of this big service organization made a tremendous difference and now Chester is carrying over the work into peace times.

It seemed necessary to get testimony from the head of the Chester Community Service and the city's leading citizen—William C. Sproul, Governor of Pennsylvania, in the State Capitol at Harrisburg.

They use in Chester what is known as the Governor's Program—a plan of organization which has contained much suggestion for other communities organized. In his advance statement Governor Sproul pleaded for the greatest possible measure of democracy in the organization.

"This movement is not something handed down but an organization of the people themselves, representing all elements of community life, called together under the auspices of the United States Government to develop popular activities and relationships which enrich and strengthen community life."

If there is anything in the way of the joy of living that the Chester program omits, no doubt it will be added when somebody thinks of it. Certainly the bill of fare is a pretty hearty one—community singing, club houses, baths and comfort stations; dances, socials, entertainments, dinners; athletics, games, hikes and the promotion of physical efficiency; pageants, dramatics, folk-dances; girls' and women's activities; larger use of the schools, parks, fraternal buildings, armories, churches, libraries and other resources; hospitality; fellowship; neighborhood activities.

Governor Sproul willingly took time from the business of signing good bills and vetoing bad ones to testify to his faith in this new social instrument, which he sees as a bond of good fellowship, a hope of democracy and a bulwark against rebellion and reaction. Seated in the governor's office, surrounded by all the executive paraphernalia, he yet gave an impression of taking a brief vacation from gubernatorial duties. When he talked about the splendid start that had been made in Chester he was less like a governor and more like somebody's uncle who is engaged in a conspiracy to give somebody a good time.

"Organized recreation," he called the movement, and he characteristically tackled the difficulties first.

"Of course, we are at the transition stage at Chester. Government financial support is withdrawn and local support is not yet fully secured. It may be hard sledding for a little while, but with the splendid results already obtained there can be no doubt about the outcome. Public-spirited people are co-operating and people of means are promising their support. Of course, every community must pay its own fare."

"You are getting some co-operation at Chester from labor?"

"Labor is generously represented in the committees and is taking an increasing interest. We have good labor unions in Chester—well organized and rational."

Governor Sproul, who is himself a large employer of labor, feels that this sort of friendly co-operation will tend to take the bitterness out of industrial disputes, to break down caste lines and foster a spirit of mutual accommodation.

"It is always easier to get along with people you know," he added, "even if you have some pretty radical disagreements."

"How about the foreign-born peoples?" I asked. "How are they working in?"

HE told me about the Chester "League of Nations" at which he was a guest—that impressive pageant in which eight groups of foreign-born people, in native costumes, marched in turn upon the stage and offered their loyalty, their art and their labor to the community and were welcomed by the symbolic Chester. The result was that many foreigners who had felt themselves unwelcome before have become enthusiastic workers for the community movements.

"The Italians and the eastern Europeans with their temperamental qualities have been especially attracted by the community singing and the dramatics. Success has been immediate in that direction—also with the colored people."

"You have something of a negro problem down Chester way?"

Governor Sproul would not put it that way exactly—in fact one got the impression that our negroes generally have rather a serious white problem.

"We have scarcely done anything for those people," he said. "We have discriminated against them, given them the worst places to live and imposed upon them financially. We are fortunate that they are such a loyal and law-abiding people. It is almost more than we deserve."

The colored people of Chester have grasped with almost pathetic eagerness the advantages that the Community Service has held out to them, co-operating splendidly at every point. Yet it is less than two years since there were deadly race riots at Chester and even as we talked grave reports were coming in from Washington.

In what was called "New Era" week in Chester, the twelve or fifteen thousand colored residents interpreted to their fellow citizens the development of their race, their faithful contributions to agriculture, industry, music, education and community service. Three large mass-meetings were held and the leading men of the race delivered addresses. A club, a playground and three school centers have been opened for the colored people. In one of them—an old building without improvements—the people have to bring their own lamps when they want to have a party.

There is a thriving Community Club in Chester which has been referred to as a "dry saloon"—a place of sociability and good food and soft drinks.

"Does Community Service," I asked, "propose to offer some kind of substitute for the saloon, now that we have gone dry?"

Governor Sproul was inclined to minimize this feature.

"It might work out that way, but as a matter of fact it is surprising how easily the people are adjusting themselves to prohibition."

"The community house idea seems to be a popular one," I said. "They tell me that about two hundred and fifty towns have already expressed their intention of building some kind of community building as soldiers' memorials."

"That is welcome news—there could not be a more fitting memorial than a live, warm center of community life," he said. "We have headed off a lot of art monstrosities. No state suffered any more than did Pennsylvania from the epidemic of soldier's monuments after the Civil War. We have them everywhere—grotesque caricatures—big fellows with little heads, little fellows with big heads. Our memorials should be a part of the life of the people; not cold, dead monuments for the birds to nest on. They should be places of warmth and cheer and hospitality."

"Of course, we could make more use of the school-buildings than we do?"

"YES—a wider use of the schools, by all means but, after all, a schoolroom is rather a gloomy place—with all those desks and things." The Governor is apparently still enough of a boy to have a slightly shivery feeling when near the machinery of education. "We can do better than that."

"Those community centers, I suppose, might go beyond the leisure time activities and take up the more serious problems—housing, sanitation—such things?"

The Governor stood firm for self-determination. It is for the communities to decide what use to make of their own buildings.

"They can be merely social and recreational—or clearing houses for the more

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Above: The Wandering Story Teller—doing her share to Americanize, and entertain too, a Bridgeport family. To the Right: School children who have found in the fire escape just the right place for community singing

serious problems. There is no limit to the possibilities of such community centers. And if a town has any philanthropists it ought to make use of them."

"From your experience in the Pennsylvania towns where it is operating would you unqualifiedly recommend the plan to other communities?"

"I cannot urge it too strongly. Now, as never before, we need every unifying force there is. We need to make real and practical the democratic ideals we have been fighting for. During the war the patriotic and public-spirited elements showed a splendid capacity for cooperation. It would be a great shame to demobilize them now."

The seeker after light on Community Service inevitably goes to Chester and the first thing he finds seems to be a problem rather than a solution. The big over-grown town on the Delaware has lost its picturesqueness and yet has not acquired any metropolitan airs to take its place. It is crowded and sprawly, like most of our middle-sized industrial cities and it doesn't look as if it would be much fun to live there

Whatever is happening to Chester," one thinks, "it is obvious that it hasn't happened yet—not to any great extent."

The first light in the gloom was the Community Club, a shabby, old building which introduced itself in letters that

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could be seen, at a modest estimate, a block away. Here the young fellows were installed in a plain but comfortable set of rooms, making themselves decidedly at home, patronizing their cafeteria and in the subsequent business meeting struggling with the problems of administration and discipline. In fact, it soon developed that a surprisingly large amount of that ambitious Chester program is actually being carried out. There are ten departments of the work and the oldest and loudest of these is community singing.

Apparently the people of Chester burst into song whenever there is the slightest excuse. There is directed community singing in the movies, in churches, clubs and lodges, in granges out in the surrounding rural districts, in seven public school centers, at neighborhood rallies and all kinds of special patriotic gatherings. There is singing in the industries at the noon hour—in one factory fifteen hundred employees sing at lunch with the factory band, having mastered the delicate art of singing and eating at the same time. Music committees are being formed in each of the city's eleven wards. At the last count the people had sung to shreds forty-four thousand song sheets. Without minimizing other activities, it seems that in Chester the short cut to the people's interest lies in community singing.

Athletics and physical education is one of the newer departments but one of the most successful, especially in the summer. Melvin W. Sheppard, who owns perhaps the most famous pair of legs in America, is in charge of this department. Games have been developed in school playgrounds, in vacant lots and factory yards; there are baseball leagues, field contests, hikes and road runs. There is a play-leaders' training class of sixty-five volunteers. One of Mel Sheppard's notable achievements is a twenty-five dollar box of game equipment—a simple form of apparatus which is being welcomed in many other cities.

These Community Service activities are aimed primarily at adults. Other agencies were supposed to look after the children; yet things have not worked out entirely that way. Boys and girls are rather hard to isolate if anything is going on. Besides, the working class cannot come to a show unless it can bring the children. As a consequence, every party is a family party.

The slogan of the Chester crowd is, "Put Unity into Community." They have not accomplished this as yet, of course, but they are achieving a surprising amount of co-operation among the social forces—the war service societies, business men's clubs, libraries, schools, churches, charities, health agencies and the service departments of the local industries. A recent triumph of co-operation was a dinner conference of all the welfare groups, the foreign committees and the negroes—sitting down together in Masonic Hall, open for the first time to outsiders.

"I saw it myself," one man said, "but I do not entirely believe it yet."

In the Americanization work, which is the largest and perhaps most important of the tasks undertaken by the commission, Chester made the important discovery that the foreign populations had some interesting and valuable contributions to make to the community treasury. The League of Nations pageant was enriched and enlivened by the colorful garb, the quaint folk-dances and songs of these Europeans. The Italians have brought their love of music, their natural aptitude for self-expression by way of the drama. An Italian group scored such a success with their little play that they are taking a barn-storming trip in neighboring towns. The Greeks, the Syrians, the Welsh, the Japanese have made their distinctive contributions—as have also the French, the Belgians and the Poles. In the Russians, Chester found a people who had been trained in communal life, in co-operative buying and selling, who in their little peasant villages had already learned to think in terms of community.

Chester is a sort of half-way house—it has come a long way, but it still has a long way to go. Bethlehem, another place where the government instituted service among the war workers has scarcely more than completed the first lap—yet even here there are some impressive results. In Bethlehem the greatest need was out-door recreation facilities. The town is two hundred years old—old enough to know better—yet there was no playground open to the public. It is only a year since the Bethlehem recreation committee was formed. Today an eighty-acre park is nearing completion and another is projected, together with a public golf course. A big clubhouse for girls is open in the heart of the city; there is a country club with a swimming pool; a municipal hall has been secured for dances and a general community house is soon to be opened in Saucon Park, with bathing facilities, athletic fields and all the accessories. Through the instrumentality of the Community Service the immense stadium of the Bethlehem Steel Company, with its complete athletic equipment, has been put at the service of the people.

Other Pennsylvania cities have Community Service in various states of progress. Philadelphia has it in spots—for Philadelphia, unlike most of our large cities, is a vast collection of small communities each with something of a neighborhood idea.

But despite Governor Sproul, Chester, Bethlehem and other live wires, Pennsylvania has no monopoly in the business. There are many proofs of this statement, prominent among them being Bridgeport, Connecticut. The movement in Bridgeport is even younger than that at Chester but it is extremely lively. Bridgeport has been described as the most western of our eastern cities. It has a good deal of the youthful energy of the boom town; it likes to fancy itself a jump and a half or two jumps ahead of the procession. It will be remembered that Bridgeport went to war about two years before the rest of us, and nobody who saw the spontaneous joy of the munition workers at armistice time will ever deny that it went to peace with an equally loud bang. And one of the first things they did about it was to organize Community Service.

Perhaps their biggest achievement thus far is in the way of co-ordination of the city's social agencies in recreation work—churches of all denominations, philanthropic societies, war service organizations, business men's clubs and city departments. One reason for this success may be found in the fact that the work has tied itself fast to the city government. The mayor is the head of the commission and the department chiefs belong to it, along with representatives of other agencies. Bridgeporters have faith in the municipality as the common denominator of all classes and creeds. They may point with pride to their mayor or view him with alarm, according to the political faith that is in them, but while he is mayor they want him to ride at the head of every parade. The mayor appoints the members of the commission and its staff occupies offices in the Court House.

Bridgeport is another of our big war mushrooms; it has increased 50 per cent. in population since 1914 and even now there isn't much room to move around in. The ending of hostilities closed some of the big munition factories, but industry readjusted itself rapidly and the predicted slump did not materialize. People go to work—or on strike—in the same old cheerful way.

It is the aim of the Bridgeport Commission to produce new combinations of social betterment forces—organizations that had never ridden in the same boat before—to enrich and to stimulate the recreational features of the town. One of its most popular activities, daily trips for women and children across the Sound to Long Island, was quite new in the social life. There were a lot of people who had never met the ocean on intimate terms before; for all the sea breeze they got they might as well have lived in Omaha. Probably no one organization had ever been able to finance so ambitious (*Continued on Page 78*)

YOUR FRIEND, THE DOG

"DON'T let your boy grow up without a dog!" That's the advice of every person who knows what is good for children. There's a real story in every youngster's pup; they ought to be told. WE WANT DOG STORIES. Send them in to the Editor of the Red Cross Magazine. Those found worthy of publication will be well paid for.

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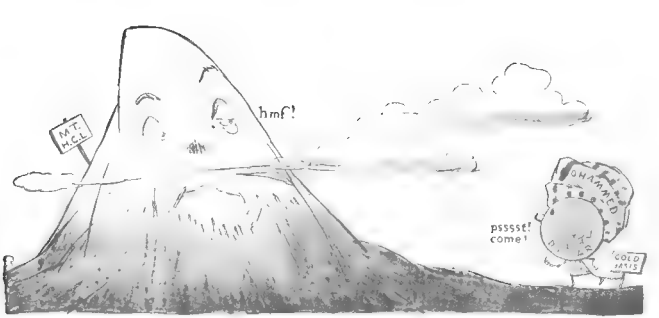

The High Cost of Living is a very big and firm mountain today

A new way to rule

THE UNRULY DOLLAR

By Irving Fisher

Professor of Political Economy in Yale University

THE High Cost of Living, which, before the war, occupied the center of the stage, is taking that position again now that the Treaty of Peace is getting out of the way.

During the war the cost of living has nearly doubled in the United States and more than doubled elsewhere.

The whole world is asking why, now that the war is over, prices do not fall and how we can compel them to fall.

It may surprise my readers to be told that there is, in my opinion at least, little prospect of any great fall, and it may startle them still more to be told that any *great* fall would be as disastrous as Humpty Dumpty's great fall.

There are two ways of coping with the high cost of living. One is to bring prices down within reach of our means; the other is to bring our means up within reach of the H. C. L. The latter is the easier and better way, though some of the former process may well be mixed in.

The average wage-earner in 1918 was getting wages only 80 per cent. of the purchasing power of the wages of 1913. His money wages had risen one-third, but the prices of food had risen two-thirds. He will be just as much advantaged if his wages catch up with prices as if prices fall.

But to reduce the cost of all foods 20 per cent. is easier said than done.

SOME REASONS why you are living on a fifty cent dollar and a remedy for it.

If the mountain won't come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain, and the H. C. L. is a very big and firm mountain today.

Almost all the adjustments have been made to the new price level which the volcanic upheaval of war has brought about, and we might as well make the few adjustments still needed and raise railway rates, trolley fares, rents, wages and salaries to match the H. C. L.

Why won't prices come hurtling down? Because they have been inflated by increased money and bank deposits and these, caused by war finance, cannot soon, if ever, be retired without distress and near-bankruptcy to the governments and banks which issued them.

Outside of Russia, the money of western civilization has increased from 15 billions of dollars to 45 billions and the deposits in banks from 27 billions to 75 billions. This tripling of purchasing power without any corresponding increase of things to purchase with it has tripled the world's prices.

In Russia prices have risen many fold, perhaps a hundred fold—no one knows—owing to the reckless issue of paper money. The Bolsheviki have, it is estimated, issued eighty billions of dollars, or more than all the rest of the world put together.

The world is not growing poorer. At any rate this is not true in America. But the dollar is growing smaller in purchasing power. The evil of the H. C. L. is not any *general* impoverishment, but social unjustice. Into the lap of the "profiteer" has fallen much of what rightfully belongs to the laborer, clerk, savings bank depositor, bondholder, landlord and public service corporation.

And the profiteer is not to blame as much as he is thought to be. He did not cause the price upheaval. He simply happened to be the lucky winner in the lottery in which we are all gambling with the value of the dollar.

It is too late now, as well as impracticable, to take his past winnings from him and restore them to the losers just as we can't retransfer the gains and losses, once they have taken place, at Monte Carlo.

Bygones must be bygones. We must and should accept this latest price revolution just as we accept the other revolu-

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tionary changes which the war has wrought and just as we have had to accept the many similar price revolutions in the past.

If we should succeed in reducing prices to what they were before the war we would, while prices were sinking, have the same sort of depression of trade, bankruptcies and unemployment which we had when prices were falling in the eighties and nineties, only far more severe.

The upheaval of prices caused by the world war is the greatest world upheaval of prices which has ever occurred. Yet it is not different in kind and cause from most price movements of history. The truth is that the price level is changing ceaselessly. Almost always the master cause of the change lies in the dollar itself rather than in the things it buys.

There is abundant evidence for this view. Countries having similar monetary standards have similar price movements. Thus the price movements of all gold standard countries resemble each other and those of all silver standard resemble each other. But countries having different monetary standards have correspondingly different price movements; thus gold standard countries differ from silver standard countries in their price movements in proportion to the change in the ratio of gold and silver. Again, prices rise and fall as money and credit increase and decrease.

I do not mean that there are never other causes than money at work. There always are. But statistics show that the changes in general abundance of goods are almost always too small and sometimes in the wrong direction to explain much of the change in prices. This is what we would naturally expect. For it would be very improbable that hundreds of goods should all happen, coincidently, to grow scarce or abundant. It is a far simpler explanation to suppose one main cause of price movements, a change in the money in which prices are expressed.

The public overlook the fundamental hidden cause which always controls the price level—the quantity of money (and circulating credit substitutes for money) and fix their eyes on little details which they magnify many fold. Profiteering, trusts, labor unions, strikes, marketing by telephone, extravagance, drought and all the forty other explanations which have been offered have about as much influence on the H. C. L. as a rainstorm has on the height of Pike's Peak.

We must revolutionize our ideas on this subject as we have on astronomy. It took a long time for people to realize that the sun and stars do not really go around the earth every day but that what appears to be their rising and setting is really the turning of the Earth in reference to which we view the sun and stars. So we must realize that what seems to be a simultaneous rise and fall of hundreds of commodities is really a fall and rise of the dollar in reference to which we view these commodities.

Money is so much an accepted convenience in practice that it has become a great stumbling block in theory. Since we talk always in terms of money and live in a money atmosphere, as it were, we become as unconscious of it as we do of the air we breathe. Some people, even intelligent people, bolster up the illusion that the dollar is a stable standard of value by reference to the fact that "the price of gold" never changes.

I once asked a dentist if the "high cost of living" had affected the price of his materials.

"Yes, of course," he replied.

"Of the gold you buy for fillings?" I ventured jokingly, expecting him to know that this could not be.

To my surprise he answered, "I suppose so," and sent his assistant to look the matter up.

She returned presently and solemnly informed us that the price he paid for his gold was substantially the same now as it always had been during the thirty years he had been buying it.

"Isn't that surprising!" he exclaimed. "Gold must be a very stable commodity."

"It's just as surprising," I replied, "as that the price of a quart of milk is always two pints of milk."

"I don't see the point."

"Well, what is a dollar?" I asked.

"I don't know—what *is* it?"

That simple question is vital. The almost universal ignorance of the answer is chiefly responsible for the almost universal misunderstanding of the high cost of living! A dollar is 25.8 grains of standard gold—that is, of gold nine-tenths fine; and, since an ounce is 480 grains, the number of dollars in an ounce is 480÷25.8, or 18.60. In other words, any 100-ounce lump of standard gold taken by a gold miner to the mint can be cut up and coined into 1,860 dollars and handed back to him. Naturally he gets $18.60 an ounce, and this "price" can never vary so long as the weight of the dollar does not vary.

Thus 100 ounces of gold will always be worth 1,860 dollars of gold so long as 1,860 dollars contain 100 ounces of gold; just as a quart of milk will always be worth two pints of milk so long as two pints make a quart. Gold is stable in terms of itself, and in terms of itself only. Fixing the dollar at 25.8 grains of gold fixes the price of gold at $18.60 a ounce. But, of course, this fixity of dollar weight, or of gold price in terms of gold, does not fix its price or value in terms of other commodities. It does not release gold from the effects of supply and demand. The value of the dollar, as shown by its general purchasing power, is not stable but fluctuates with supply and demand as does the value (or purchasing power) of anything else. There is only this difference: Since a descending value of gold cannot lower the price of gold it must raise the prices of other things in terms of gold; and since an ascending value of gold cannot raise the price of gold, it lowers prices of other things which affect the real value of purchasing power of gold cannot be thwarted. Since we deny to supply and demand of gold the normal outlet or raising or lowering the price of gold, they take their revenge by lowering or raising the prices of other things.

If, instead of gold, we were to make milk the standard, or eggs—that is, if we used these to purchase all other things—they would acquire the same fixity of price—that is, price in terms of milk or eggs; and we would fall victims to the same illusion of inherent fixity. If a dollar, instead of being 25.8 grains of gold, were, let us say, a dozen eggs, obviously the price of eggs would always be a dollar a dozen simply because a dollar is a dozen eggs. If the hens did not lay, the price of eggs would not rise (or vary at all), but, instead, the prices of other commodities in terms of eggs would fall; while if eggs were a drug on the market, their price would not fall (or vary at all), but the prices of other commodities, in terms of eggs, would rise—and the mystified public would then be inquiring gravely, "Why this high cost of living?" The world's prices would then be at the mercy of hens just as now they are at the mercy of mines.

The real culprit being the unruly dollar, the real remedy is to fix the purchasing power of the dollar.

I have in preparation a book on the subject ("Stabilizing the Dollar,") which will go into more detail than is here possible. But the essence of the plan is very simple.

Our dollar is now simply a fixed weight of gold—a unit of weight, masquerading as a unit of value. A twentieth of an ounce of gold is no more truly a unit of value or general purchasing power than a pound of sugar or a dozen eggs.

What good does it do us to be assured that our dollar *weighs* just as much as ever? Does this fact help us the least to bear the high cost of living? We complain of the dollar, and justly, that it will not go as far as it used to. We want a dollar which will always buy the same aggregate quantity of bread, butter, beef, bacon, beans, sugar, clothing, fuel, and the other essential things that we spend it for. What is needed is to stabilize or standardize the dollar just as we have already standardized the yardstick, the pound weight, the bushel basket, the pint cup, the horse-power, the volt, and, indeed, all the units of commerce except the dollar.

THE EVIL H. C. L. DOES

"NOT any general impoverishment, but social injustice. Into the lap of the 'profiteer' has fallen much of what rightfully belongs to many others."

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Once the yard was only roughly defined as the girth of the chieftain, and other units were equally rough. But, except the dollar, none of the old rough and ready units are any longer considered good enough for modern business. The dollar is the only survival of those primitive crudities. Imagine the modern American business man tolerating a yard defined as the girth of the President of the United States! Suppose contracts in yards of cloth to be now fulfilled which had been made in Mr. Taft's administration!

A true standard of value, or general purchasing power over commodities, should not be dependent on one commodity merely, whether that commodity be gold or silver or wheat or anything else.

In order to secure a dollar constant in its purchasing power over goods in general, it should, in effect, be a composite of those very goods in general. For instance, we might imagine a composite commodity dollar consisting of 2 board feet of lumber; 1/20 of a bushel of wheat; ½ of a pound of meat; 30 pounds of coal; 1/100 of a barrel of white flour; 1 pound of sugar; 1 egg; 1 pint of milk; 1 ounce of butter; 1/7 of an ounce of wool; ¼ of a pound of steel; 1 ounce of copper, etc.

If we had such a dollar as our unit—that is, a composite dollar consisting of a big basket containing those bits of goods, that composite basketful of commodities—or "goods-dollar," let us call it—would evidently have to be worth a dollar at all times; and the cost of living—at least the cost of the representative assortment in that basket—could not rise or fall. That assortment would always cost a dollar simply because a dollar is that assortment. In short, it would be just as simple then to keep the price of the composite package of commodities invariable (however widely its constituents might vary among themselves) as it is now to keep the price of gold invariable. The price of that composite would always be a dollar, just as to-day the price of gold is always $18.60 an ounce, and just as, under an egg standard, the price of a dozen eggs would always be a dollar, and just as, with an alloy of gold and silver, the price of that alloy would be constant however much its constituents might vary relatively to one another.

And this composite goods-dollar is not altogether a joke. I am going to suggest its adoption!

Perhaps some scornful reader is now eager to point out how inconvenient, not to say grotesque, such a dollar would be if it were in circulation or were used for export or import. With its thirty pounds of coal, it is far too heavy to carry; with its coal and wood it is far too bulky for the pocket; its solitary egg would spoil. Gold is to be preferred because it is imperishable, easily divisible, easily portable and easily salable. And these are precisely the attributes which led us to select gold; and not, as some people mistakenly assume, any attribute of stability.

By all means, then, let us keep the metal gold for the good attributes it has—portability, durability, divisibility, salability—but let us compensate for its instability, so that one dollar of it will at all times buy approximately that composite basketful of goods. Money to-day has two great functions. It is a medium of exchange and it is a standard of value. Gold was chosen because it was a good medium, not because it was a good standard.

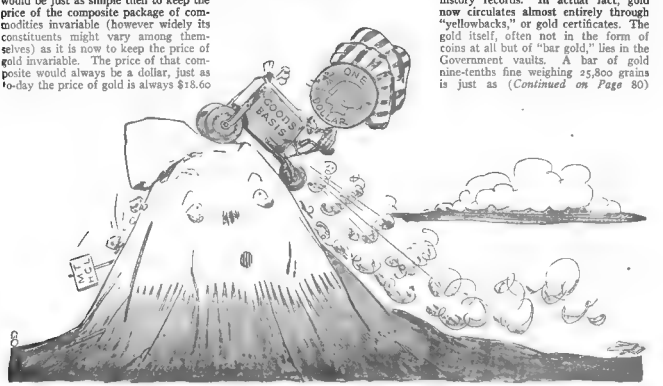
In short, because our ancestors found a good medium of exchange, we now find ourselves saddled with a bad standard of value. The problem before us is to retain gold as a good medium and yet to make it into a good standard; not to abandon the gold standard but to rectify it; not to rid ourselves of the gold dollar but adapt it to the composite or goods-dollar.

The method of rectifying the gold standard consists in suitably varying the weight of the gold dollar. The gold dollar is now fixed in weight and therefore variable in purchasing power. What we need is a gold dollar fixed in purchasing power and therefore variable in weight.

A Mexican gold dollar weighs about half as much as ours and has less purchasing power. Now, if Mexico should adopt the same dollar that we have and that Canada has, no one could doubt that its purchasing power would rise—that is, the price level in Mexico would fall. The heavier or the lighter the gold dollar the more or the less will be its purchasing power. It follows that if we add new grains of gold to the dollar just fast enough to compensate for a loss in the purchasing power of each grain, or vice versa take away gold to compensate for a gain, we shall have a fully "compensated dollar," a stationary instead of a fluctuating dollar, when judged by its purchasing power.

But how, it will be asked, is it possible, in practice, to change the weight of the gold dollar? The feat is certainly not impossible, for it has often been accomplished. We ourselves have changed the weight of our gold dollar twice—once in 1834, when the gold in the dollar was reduced 7 per cent., and again in 1837, when it was increased 1/10 of 1 per cent. If we can change it once or twice a century, we can change it once or twice a month!

And if we use paper representatives of gold exclusively, instead of some paper and some gold coin, these frequent changes in the weight of the gold dollar can be made even more easily than the occasional changes were made which history records. In actual fact, gold now circulates almost entirely through "yellowbacks," or gold certificates. The gold itself, often not in the form of coins at all but of "bar gold," lies in the Government vaults. A bar of gold nine-tenths fine weighing 25,800 grains is just as (*Continued on Page 80*)



Perhaps the only solution of the question is to climb the mountain

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There was no bell, but every morning at the same hour the children

THE EDUCATION YOU

A personal sketch of which grew into the

By Willa

Illustration by

THE prairie schoolhouse was there before the buffalo had gone. In its first form it was made from the prairie, built of tough layers of the original sod that had never been pierced by a plowshare. The pioneers did not wait until they were making a living to begin to think about schools. In Kansas and Nebraska almost every community had a "frame" schoolhouse, while the settlers themselves were still living in sod houses and dugouts. Before there were any churches the building that was a schoolhouse all week became a church on Sunday and the congregation sat on the low seats behind the inkwells. The schoolhouses were used for political meetings and voting places, for funerals and Sunday school entertainments. They were the centers of community life from the time there was any community life at all.

Teaching was not a profession then; it was a kind of missionary work, a solemn duty, like caring for the sick. In every district there was sure to be at least one farmer's wife who had taught before her marriage, and she was called upon to take charge of the school for the short winter and spring terms. If she had young children she bundled them into the lumber wagon and took them to school with her every day. The teachers were not always women; sometimes a homesteader taught during the winter months when there was not much to be done on his land.

I remember one farmer schoolmaster who used to get up early in the morning, drive about the neighborhood collecting his pupils in his wagon and haul them to the schoolhouse. If the weather was bad he took them home again at night. He was then a mature-looking man, with a bushy beard, and he had children of his own. He used to tell his "scholars" that the thing he had most wanted was a college education, and that he had not yet given up hope of getting it. As his family grew he stopped teaching and devoted himself to his land. Twenty years went by. He developed two farms, brought up his children and married them off. Then he amazed his neighbors by quietly going away to study at a college in a distant State. A farmer cannot do so unusual a thing as that without causing a wagging of heads in a country community, and it was surprising, even to the summer visitor, who asked about the health of an old settler, to be told that he was "away at college." It takes courage, of course, to do what one wants to in this world, and the smaller the community the harder it is to defy public opinion. But our old neighbor did just that. He went to college, and stayed until he got his degree.

One hot summer day I was driving across the country with a clumsy livery plug when I noticed an open buckboard with two horses approaching rapidly from the opposite direction. As the cart came nearer I saw a man in white flannel clothes and a Panama hat, who sat holding on his knees something that looked like a large picture in a flashing gilt frame. The brisk team was driven by a girl who sat at his right. They

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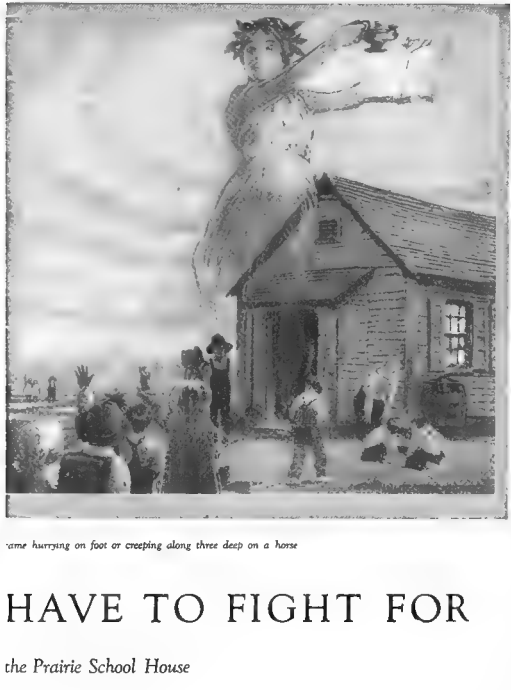

came hurrying on foot or creeping along three deep on a horse

HAVE TO FIGHT FOR

the Prairie School House

great State University

Sibert Cather

Angus MacDonall

passed me at a quick trot, but in that moment I recognized the bushy white beard and blue eyes of the pioneer school teacher, just returning home from college. On his knee he carried his diploma, which had that morning been framed in town. I hope he felt as much pleased at his triumph as I did.

The country schoolhouses were lonely looking buildings, nearly always rectangular, three windows on each side, with a little entry-hall and a door at one end. They sat out on the bare prairie, without a bush or tree or fence. A gray spot, where the grass was worn short, indicated the playground. There was no bell, but every morning at the same hour the children came hurrying on foot or creeping along three-deep on a horse that was too old to work; and in the afternoon they ran away, flashing their empty dinner pails in the sun. They were rather reserved children, bashful and uncommunicative even with each other, too frightened to make a sound when the county superintendent came to inspect their school. They saw very few strangers, and the farms were too far apart for children to visit each other often. The very little ones were so shy that their first days at school were a dreaded ordeal and sometimes they cried bitterly. Their clothes were much clumsier than those that country children wear today. The girls wore severe gingham aprons, buttoned up the back, and sunbonnets, and the boys usually had to appear in their father's clothes, cut down by a mother who was too busy to become an expert tailoress. The boys grew more lively and seemed more at ease when warm weather came and they could run free in two garments, a shirt and blue overalls Summer brought lazy, pleasant days in the schoolroom and interesting distractions for the noon hour, such as drowning out gophers and bullsnakes, and discussing what was the best thing to do if a rattler bit you.

The children were always trying to find wild flowers that would puzzle the teacher. That was not hard to do, for the old, unrevised Gray's Botany, which was the text-book then, though it was supposed to cover all the flora to the 98th meridian, touched the flowers of western Nebraska and Kansas very lightly, and the gorgeous flora of the Rocky Mountains was largely unnamed and undiscovered. We were living in a world of mysterious flowers that had never been put into books, and the best we could do was to hitch them up with some family to which they apparently belonged and invent names of our own for them.

During my own schooldays a young Swede came over from Stockholm to study under Dr. Charles E. Bessey, the botanist at the University of Nebraska, and he and some of his fellow students used to go on camping trips in Colorado and Wyoming during the summer vacations. They reported and named hundreds of flowers that had never been noticed before. Every thing was so new in those days that a party of students—all (*Continued on Page* 68)

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Nondescript, untrained, undisciplined—so they went in *And then—as if a magician had done it—they were ONE*

There are four million new guides to health and the saner life—

JOHN J. DOUGHBOY LEADS US ON

By Charles Phelps Cushing

A HUSKY young fellow in olive drab with a red chevron on his arm is pointing at a pile of refuse and a pool of stagnant water in a back yard. To a group of fellow townsmen in civvies he is protesting:

"We don't stand for that in the army. Why here?"

That simple drawing is a composite picture of four million American soldiers and an expression of what they learned in the army about how to live. They may not know protein from a calory. No matter if they don't! They have learned the principles of hygiene and sanitation through practice, not by studying theories. They know the right way from the wrong way by having seen how the right way works. Their test of a condition—"whether the army would stand for that"—is as practical as any that could be laid down by a professor of hygiene or a health commissioner.

Take a look at him—this composite of the four million. He is far huskier than he was when he entered the service a year or two ago. He has had to throw away his old civilian clothes because he has outgrown them. His skin has the tone of health, his back is straight, his eyes clear. He eats well and sleeps well and has no "nerves." How did he get that way?

Have you noticed the new bearing of the men who came back from war? Study them! There's a lesson there.

An interviewer put the question to Major-General Merritte W. Ireland, the Army's surgeon general.

"We *show* men how to live," General Ireland answered. "We give them a sort of mild Muldoon cure, and along with that some demonstrations of a primer on hygiene and sanitation. They learn by actual practice. Hundreds of thousands have physically 'found themselves' through army training At the same time, and not realizing that they were doing so, they have learned the principles of community health.

"The rich business man has no better chance to learn how to build up his body and how to take care of it than any buck private. You hear that half a dozen rich youngsters are going up to spend the summer in an expensive camp in Maine. You think they are the luckiest fellows in the world. But I would as soon see a son of mine spend his summer in an army camp.

"From the very beginning, the service men have an advantage. The first thing a soldier gets is a thorough physical examination—a thing that every one of us ought to have at least once a year.

The army surgeons go over every inch of him to find the applicant's physical condition. The draft statistics show that an average of one in every three Americans of military age has physical defects serious enough to bar him from service. Now, likely enough, two of that supposedly 'lucky' half dozen bound for the camp in Maine will be in the unfit classification. No one will tell them how to go about correcting their physical defects. Some of the more fit four will have defects, too, which proper exercise or a slight operation or a pair of glasses might correct. That 'lucky' six will come back home at the end of their vacation as much in the dark about their bodies as they were when they started north.

"The six candidates for the army will be told what is the matter with them, and what, if anything, can be done about it. The doctors will examine their skin, their eyes, their throats and mouths and lungs, their hearts and abdomens. They will be told if they are overweight or underweight, if they have venereal disease or flat feet. We pick up defectives with bad feet or weak backs and often have them in Class A within six weeks."

Tersely, and with stories to illustrate many of the points, General Ireland and his associates in the office of the surgeon general traced the physical training of

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the American soldier from the first morning of the first day in camp to the time when a husky with a red chevron on his sleeve returns to the old home town. Because he had his headquarters in France, the surgeon general made many references to the American Expeditionary Forces, but he took pains to make it clear that the same rules of hygiene and sanitation operated in the homeland cantonments as in the camps and billets overseas.

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO CARRY YOURSELF?

The soldier's first lesson of the first day is in how to carry himself. The drill regulations describe it in military terms, but the benefit is as much to health as it is to military appearances. The position of a soldier is one that gives the heart and lungs a proper chance to function. It expresses, too, as one of General Ireland's staff officers pointed out, the proper mental attitude to go with an erect, healthy body.

"I told my men in France," this officer relates, "to stand up straight and look me in the eye. Shake off that hang-dog air. The A. E. F. isn't going to fire you or lay you off in dull times. We're out now to prove ourselves in a big struggle, man to man. Our first business is to carry ourselves like men."

On his first day in camp the soldier begins to take setting-up exercises. These are mild in the beginning, but stiffen up as the course progresses.

ARE YOU TOO FAT OR TOO LEAN?

"You might be surprised to learn," General Ireland observed, "that we have reports of hundreds of cases of laborers and farmers, accustomed to lots of exercise, who gained weight of solid muscle under the army calisthenics. The army's physical culture course is for all-around development, and it is a system which includes *corrective* exercises. The red chevron men, by the thousands, are throwing away outgrown civilian clothes. This is because their bodies have gone through a thorough rebuilding. Unless the applicant had a tendency to fat, he nearly always gained substantially in weight.

A classic anecdote on this point of gain in weight concerns a recruit in Camp Meade whose complaints about the hardships of army life were investigated by the army after one of the soldier's letters had been printed in his home town newspaper.

A colonel of field artillery was dispatched to investigate the case. He found that the complainant, who had been upon the verge of the underweight class upon enlistment, had gained fifty-two pounds in six months. He confessed that he had written the letter as a bid for a share of sympathy, feeling that too much was flowing to the men overseas.

"He just wanted to play the hero himself for a while," the colonel commented with a grin. "There were others like him, but they were scarcer than you might suppose. I've had a good deal of field service in the past twenty years, and I find that roughing it is often an experience that appeals to the red-blooded young American's fancy. I've noticed this for an example: If the men have their say whether the battery shall pitch pup tents or sleep under the guns, the vote is nearly always unanimous for sleeping under the guns."

Colonel D. C. Howard, chief of the division of sanitation in the surgeon general's office, estimates that the soldier's average gain in weight in the first year is in the neighborhood of twenty pounds. In the warmer climate of the Mexican border the gain is probably not so high; but the surgeon general's records for one company of 360 men in nine months upon the border show an average gain of twelve and a half pounds per man.

The gain in weight is a token of general improvement in physical condition, and there is much more back of it than is evident at first glance. The fact is that hundreds of thousands of civilians literally "found themselves" physically through the stimulus of the army's primer lessons in health.

One of the most striking of many examples of this point is that of a New York East Side Jew, who by one of the army's tricks of chance got mixed into a company of railway construction engineers in France. A few months after the outfit landed, a platoon leader proposed making this man a sergeant. The Jewish name on the warrant aroused curiosity at regimental headquarters, and the "old man" sent for the candidate.

The candidate who followed the colonel's orderly to regimental headquarters proved to be an erect, well-built, sun-browned soldier, but with features strongly marked with the traits of a race which for centuries has always sought a city life.

"What did you do before the war?" the colonel asked.

"I was a peddler, sir."

"And you think now that you can hold down a sergeantcy in a steel construction gang?"

"Yes, sir. I know I can. I wouldn't have believed it, sir, before the war, but this is just what I was cut out for."

He got his warrant, made good, and today in civil life is a foreman, first class, on steel construction. He had not only "found himself" physically, but also had hit upon the job for which he was "cut out."

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT DIET?

The soldier knows what exercise can do for him; and in the same school he has learned that he can thrive upon a plain, simple and economical diet. He knows because he did it, and had less trouble from indigestion than in the days when his purse strings were loose and nothing on Broadway was "too good" for him. He may have "kicked" about army grub, but in all honesty he must confess that it "stuck to his ribs." General Ireland, from the records on file in Washington, can add to this testimony an array of figures to show that, as he puts it, "there are mighty few complaints of stomach trouble in army posts."

Now the primers of dietetics have no more important message to a public that is sitting up nights worrying about the high cost of living than the advice: "KEEP YOUR DIET PLAIN AND SIMPLE." Does any expert on food values need to tell a soldier that he can obtain as much real sustenance from the cheaper cuts of beef as he can from porterhouse steaks? Or does anyone know better than the doughboy that half of the game is in the way food is prepared? He has learned the importance of sanitary conditions in handling and preparing food because his "skipper" raised Cain if the food was not kept clean and not properly cooked. The soldier got into the way of paying some attention to these matters himself. And if you watch him in civil life you will notice that he has a preference for clean restaurants. One of Captain Gordon Grant's cartoons expresses it with this colloquy:

"How about some dinner, Jim?"

"Not in that joint! I learned in the army to eat in clean places."

Thousands of citizen-soldiers learned that their civilian diet had been too rich. Thousands of others learned the obverse—that it had been too limited.

Perhaps the latter point requires an illustration. An old regular army colonel gave me one from his experience with Alabama militia troops from the factories and farms. When he first took over the command of a regiment of 1,200 of these men, it struck him at inspection that his troops appeared to be underfed. He set out to investigate the company kitchens and found that all of the cooks were sticking to an unrelieved menu of bacon, beef, bread and coffee. He insisted that more vegetables be introduced into the diet.

"That's right, colonel," agreed one cook, "we ain't gittin' half enough rice."

The colonel pointed to overflowing bins of unused potatoes and onions and suggested to the cook that he forget the rice awhile and start the ball rolling by adding these two available vegetables to the ration. It then developed that the cook had a great dislike to potatoes because as a farmer he had had so much trouble with potato bugs. Besides, peeling potatoes was a lot of trouble—the kitchen police put up a big protest. The mess sergeant, therefore, had been feeding the potatoes to the hogs.

FOLLOW THE DOUGHBOYS

"THEY are going back to civil life—well taught and eager to apply what they have learned to their new condition in life and to the needs of the community in which they are citizens."

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The colonel went back to his tent that night and set himself to the task of memorizing some recipes from a soldier cook-book. The next time he went down the line inspecting he suggested to the cooks:

"Say, why don't you fellows break up the monotony with a little stew? After your meat is half boiled add about as much more weight in potatoes and onions. You'll have the whole line coming back for seconds."

The cooks tried it and scored a success on the first night. Then the colonel came back again and told them how to improve the coffee, how to make flapjacks, hardtack and tomato stew, hoecake—every possible variation that can be worked with the simple issue rations. Within a month the "old man" was gratified to see a marked improvement in the men's physical condition. With the same issue of rations upon which they formerly were underfed, they now were amply fed. A little shaking up of the bill of fare and a little more skill in cookery had turned the trick.

The colonel now solemnly declares that the men went back to Alabama thoroughly converted to "vegetables," and that every man of the lot will enjoy a fuller and better balanced diet all the rest of his life.

"They will tell the neighbors, too," the colonel adds. "That army cookbook is going to be a great thing for certain sections of their state."

SANITATION FOR YOU AND ME

In the same schoolroom where he learned dietetics, the soldier learned sanitation. When a regiment of "Yanks" marched into a billet town in France or Flanders, or Germany, the first job to which it turned its hand was "policing up." This has nothing to do with guard duty. The only arrests involved are arrests of unsanitary conditions, dangerous to the community. The job is to make the town a good place to live in—sweeping and scrubbing and airing the living quarters, cleaning streets and littered yards, removing piles of fly-infested manure, opening the gutters and drains. Wherever they went in Europe, the men of the A. E. F. improved living conditions almost beyond belief; and when they marched out of Manureville they left it a Spotless Town.

They screened and disinfected the latrines and outhouses, they disposed of old garbage with a thoroughness that would put to shame the health commissioners of our biggest cities; they drained mosquito-breeding pools and taught restaurant keepers and market men the high cost of flies. For if a place was unsanitary, it was placed "out of bounds" to A. E. F. trade; all business went to the progressives who took the hint and put their shops in order. Ask a soldier to define a clean restaurant or market or a sanitary dairy, and he knows as well as most experts, for he is something of an authority on the subject. His test is: "Would the army stand for that?" He knows, as a first principle, that filth and flies and mosquitoes breed disease; and he knows because he has often had to "police" a town.

Along the same line, he has firmly grasped the essentials of soil and water contamination. His American pride in modernity was shown in a touch of scorn for the Old World's scarcity of sewer pipes and plumbing. The field service regulations that prescribed how to pitch his camp according to the drainage of the land taught him things he will not forget when he digs a well on the farm back home. You can bet your life the seepage of the barnyard and the outhouses won't drain into it. He learned about bad water by disregarding expert advice on a few occasions, and he won't forget the moral of those mistakes.

He has also absorbed a few primer lessons upon how disease is communicated in a community and how it can be prevented; and he is as proud of that knowledge as he is of the health records of the A. E. F—which are *his* health records. He may not be able to quote the exact figures, as General Ireland can: "Only 213 deaths in our overseas forces from typhoid, only thirteen from malaria." But the doughboy knows as well as the surgeon general that there were more than two million "Yanks" in France and that cleanliness, inoculations and common sense hygiene account for the amazingly low death rate from disease.

While he was learning how to fight, the "Yank" was also learning how to live; and the chief of the army's division of sanitation is undoubtedly right in his contention that "the soldier will be a great constructive force in his community for sanitary conditions and better health regulations when he gets back home."

"Take the matter of overcrowding," Colonel Howard suggested. "The doughboy either here or over there saw in actual operation the principles of community sanitation in crowded communities. He saw how communicable diseases can be prevented and how to isolate them. He learned the A B C of ventilation by applying it to crowded barracks and billets. Large books have been produced on ventilation, but it isn't necessary to delve into the controversies about oxygen and ozone to grasp the essentials of what fresh air is worth. He knows what it did for *him*."

A SOLDIER CAN TELL YOU HOW TO CLOTHE YOURSELF.

So with the matter of clothes. He learned the value of wool by testing woolen clothing and underwear in all weathers. He had to keep his feet dry or pay a penalty in discomfort. He began to perceive that dry woolen socks inside of common-sense shoes are a source of something akin to bliss. He waterproofed his footgear with grease, washed his feet on every possible occasion, trimmed his toe nails properly and got rid of corns. If he didn't, he was upon the carpet for it when foot inspection day came around. The old-timers who had served in "the islands" taught him the worth of a bellyband of wool in changeable weathers, for in the Philippine hills they had found the bellyband an invaluable protection against chilled abdomens. (General Ireland tells me that in the "islands" he would "no more have gone to bed without a bellyband than he would have forgotten to put on his pajamas." But the general adds that in France there was less real need for the bellyband than in the Philippines, and that "probably the military fancy gives the idea more credit in France than it deserved.")

IF WE COULD HAVE INSPECTION LIKE THE SOLDIERS.

John J. Doughboy kept these clothes of his clean and neat, insofar as was humanly possible—it wasn't always possible when the shells were cracking down. One prime reason for this course was that if he wasn't clean he "caught hell" at inspections. Pride in a good appearance is one of the first of military virtues, and in most instances it becomes ingrained into a soldier's character. Inspections of various sorts keep him ever on the alert. He must shave and bathe, keep his hair trimmed and his shoes shined, his uniform as presentable as possible. He is made to brush his teeth, and he must pass dental inspection. He must observe the rules of hygiene in sexual life or

Class prejudices disappear before the comradeships born in the trenches and baptized by fire

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pay the penalty of a court-martial. Will he fall victim to venereal quacks when he gets out of service? Not likely! What he was taught about the causes of venereal disease, the perils of it and its proper prophylaxis and treatment constitute a set of lessons that he never will forget. He pities the civilian's dense ignorance of the subject. The soldier hears sex facts from a doctor, not from experts on back alley smut.

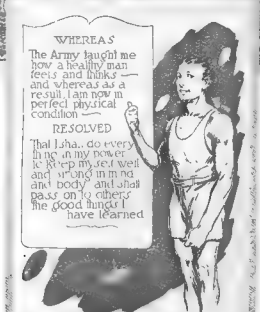
Whether he likes regular habits or not, he has learned what they can do for his physical condition. A bugle wakes him and sends him to bed, and this schedule, coupled with exercise in the open air and a simple diet, give tone to his whole body. He is no longer bothered either with "nerves" or with sleeplessness. The same man who used to toss on his pillow all night because a window curtain was flapping, can sleep now in a shell hole with a battery of big guns jarring the landscape.

He isn't as subject to colds as he was in pre-war days, when he used to coddle himself like a baby. His generally improved physical condition, due to exercise, regularity of habit, his knowledge of ventilation, clothing and care of his feet explain why.

Neither does what is popularly termed "liver trouble" (it usually is bowel trouble) give him much worry nowadays. His bowels have acquired much the same regularity of habit as the rest of his body. His eyes don't bother him much since his general health has been improved. He isn't so easily fatigued. He feels "younger."

THE SOLDIER IN 'CITS'
Pick Him Out

"His skin has the tone of health, his back is straight, his eyes clear. He eats well and sleeps well and has no 'nerves.' How did he get that way?"


WHEREAS
The Army taught me how a healthy man feels and thinks — and whereas as a result I am now in perfect physical condition —
RESOLVED
That I sha.. do every thing in my power to keep myself well and strong in mind and body and shall pass on to others the good things I have learned

They didn't quite realize it, but while they were being taught to fight, they were acquiring a physical well-being for the future

All this, summed up, explains what Brigadier General R. L. Burt of the army's morale branch means when he suggested: "How many years has this army training lengthened the life of the American people? It must be considerable. And don't forget this—that the four million who have learned these things about how to live are going to spread the gospel."

CAN'T WE GET THESE GOOD THINGS?

The four million know by practical experience a golden primer on exercise, fresh air, proper diet, personal and community sanitation, sleep and clothing, "nerves" and sexual hygiene—all this and more. Most of these men are today first-class examples of what common-sense health rules can do. They are going back to civil life eager to apply what they have learned to their new condition in life and to the many needs of their communities. The war may in this matter of physical education prove to be one of America's greatest blessings.

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THE MARCH of the RED CROSS

A continued story of accomplishment; each month's chapter based on recent cables, letters, and reports of workers in many parts of the world

IF you are one of those people who think that the war we have just fought is really over——

Well, then you haven't been doing much thinking; or if you did you didn't work hard at it. Our troops are home, it is true, bronzed, healthy, crowding Fifth Avenue and Michigan Avenue and Pennsylvania Avenue. Our sailors, too. Victory arches of all kinds and descriptions dot the country as testimony of our gratitude to them.

But the war, nevertheless, is not over. Not for Europe nor for America itself. Listen to some facts, an instant, and decide for yourself.

On one single day last week, the village of Pruzana in Poland found itself still within sound of cannon, with twenty-five hundred under-nourished mothers and children at the point of starvation, with a typhus plague raging and no medicines or clean clothes or health facilities with which to check it.

On that same day, hundreds of miles away, the city of Bucharest in Rumania found itself face to face with a flood of human misery that swept irresistibly in from the Crimea, bringing with it smallpox and typhus and hundreds of peasants from the Rumanian countryside—bare-footed, starving, their children emaciated and prematurely old, and afflicted by disease.

Almost at that same hour there poured into the city of Irkutsk in Siberia a horde of refugees as the Bolsheviki advanced on Omsk and throngs of abandoned children, old people and non-combatants swept on before them, without food or money and nine-tenths of them stricken with dangerous illnesses and death. In Bucharest there was only a government which struggled desperately for its own existence, with not a single ounce of food or clothing or medicines to spare. In Poland there existed only a newly organized state, patriotic but bankrupt in ready resources, threatened with wars on two borders, and with millions of destitute and diseased people to be aided besides those in Pruzana.

In Irkutsk there was only the struggling government of Admiral Kolchak, with its totally inadequate resources to throw into the balance. These people would inevitably have perished, except for one fact. That fact was the Red Cross. In Pruzana, by nightfall, the Red Cross had visited all the sick, had put the finishing touches on a reconstructed German army bathhouse for bathing the village, had issued old and new American clothes to the hundreds of people who needed them, had opened a soup kitchen—the thirtieth in Poland—and had completed the establishment of a hospital of three hundred beds in an old Russian barracks. In Bucharest Red Cross canteens and traveling kitchens fed the starving mobs, sent the sick and diseased to Red Cross hospitals and dispensaries and took charge of the children.

In Irkutsk there was a repetition of the same story, with the Red Cross hastily setting up a three hundred bed hospital and rushing a supply train of twenty-six cars loaded with medicines and garments and foodstuffs from Vladivostock, hundreds of miles away on the Pacific Coast.

A new battle line against the disease and famine, the disaster and destitution which are following in the wake of the war: that is the story of the Red Cross today. For the Red Cross the war is not over. Its battle lines are farther flung, its tasks more difficult in many respects than at any time during the conflict itself. In many places, its armies of workers are many times the size they were last November. It has not all come home with the A. E. F.

Are these facts new to you?

Two years ago in Washington, the Red Cross built for something just like this — for an organization which even while it met the emergencies of the conflict, nevertheless day by day prepared itself for the war which would inevitably follow close upon the heels of any treaty of peace—that war of construction and relief which would have to be waged if ever the scars of the world conflict were to be healed, if ever the lines of civilization were to be held. Today, the Red Cross is operating on just that plan.

The war after the war has come upon us. For six months the Red Cross abroad has been withdrawing from England and France, from Belgium and Italy as our armies withdrew, trying to

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discharge to the full the obligations which the war entailed in those countries. But meanwhile, it has been gathering its forces day and night in order to launch them on the battlefields of this new war, as it developed—to send them against this assault by disease and famine upon those people whom victory has found ruined in health and happiness, and bankrupt in all the things, save character, which go to make up civilization.

Rumania and the Jugoslav states, struggling Poland, shuttleboard of misery, and Siberia, misunderstood and long neglected—these are the new "trenches" of the Red Cross abroad today.

There is nothing uncertain about the struggle either. Not only is the war plain, but its challenge to America is clear. Few people in this country, however, have any idea of the variety of methods which characterize this new fight, nor of the strategy which dictates its moves, nor of the desperate character of the struggle.

Soup kitchens, canteens, food distribution—these are but the beginning. There remains then the grim struggle against disease and ignorance, the fight for the children and the future. Hospitals must be built in which to treat typhus, smallpox and tuberculosis patients—and to build hospitals, swamps must be drained and countrysides cleaned up so that the sites are healthful. Children must be housed, returned to their parents and schools—and returning them means feeding them and taking care of them, well and sick. There is no place for them in a broken, destitute country. Orphanages must be opened for the homeless and lost who are numbered by the thousands. Delousing stations must be opened before clothing can be distributed to the half-clad peasants, or typhus will keep spreading. Doctors and nurses must visit the thousands of homes where the sick and dying now lie without aid of any kind, unable to drag themselves to relief.

And meanwhile, of course, the food, soup and clothing lines must be kept going; the canteens and kitchens kept running; dispensaries and dental clinics operated. This is the new work for the Red Cross, a work which might be called first aid to a nation. Take Rumania, for instance—without our assistance it is possible that Rumania may die of disease. This is not overstating the case.

The last report of conditions in one of the most populous and therefore now the most needy sections of Rumania mentioned typhus patients lying by hundreds on boards, covered only with filthy mats, gnawing, musty, three-year-old corn. Children were absolutely naked. Shivering, bloodless wrecks assailed the Red Cross traveling kitchen. Thousands of peasants had dug up old cabbage roots to eat and were suffering from distorted, swollen faces. The supplies of the Red Cross were absolutely inadequate, and the personnel never sufficient to meet the demands.

To glance over the Balkan reports is, indeed, to enter the chamber of horrors. The situation in Serbia is much the same; particularly hard is the plight of the children. After the stress and strain of the years of war, many of them are dying of starvation and disease, without ever having known what childhood really means. Their wan, pinched little faces tell the tragic story of what the war has meant to this part of the world, better than a thousand reports. The Serbs call them flowers which have never seen the sunshine. They are part of the "war after the war," too.

For them the Red Cross is instituting and must carry to a conclusion a comprehensive programme of child welfare. Food, clothes and baths are the beginning, with the schoolhouse as the center of activities. In towns like Sarajevo, of tragic memory, a food census was taken in order to ascertain if it was necessary to feed all the children, the supplies not being endless. As a result, it was found that over a third were living on bread alone, another third on bread dipped in black coffee, and the remainder were getting either bread and tea or a little soup. Try it on your child, and think of Serbia! In the outlying towns, even the beginning of the task has been fraught with endless difficulties, such things as stoves being lacking as well as supplies and personnel. School is held seven days a week in Serbia this year to keep away hunger, because the children can't be fed at home.

The same thing is true all through such widely separated places as Macedonia and Bohemia. In towns like Drama, in Eastern Macedonia, havens are being prepared for the Greek children released by the Bulgars, and food, clothing and bedding are being supplied as well as cases of malnutrition treated. In more than fifty towns in Bosnia and Herzegovina, all the children under fourteen are being taken care of through their school kitchens under the Red Cross supervision, and the educational machine is slowly getting in working order. In every one of the sixty-six towns of over a thousand inhabitants in Jugoslovakia, school has been resumed already. This is the strategy of the child welfare campaign, which will only end when the governments of these countries are able to carry on the work themselves on the plans furnished by the League of Red Cross Societies, and by the native women who are now being trained by the Red Cross in nursing and general health work and child welfare.

A scar, deep and ugly, this blight of the war on the childhood of the Balkans. Only time and protracted effort can heal it.

In Poland, meanwhile, there is much the same problem. So menacing has become the threat of a general epidemic, rivaling the deadly scourges of the Middle Ages, that the Polish government has given wholesale orders for the bathing of every man, woman and child in Poland, as well as ordering the hair of the entire population to be cut at once. This is to stem the progress of the body lice which carry the typhus germ that has already infected upwards of one hundred thousand people. To any one who knew Poland before the war, the order is indicative of the seriousness of the situation. It calls for delousing plants from the Red Cross, for hospital trains, for clothing, underwear, hospital beds and linen, ambulances and disinfecting apparatus.

Even with all this, however, it only calls attention to one side of a problem of tremendous magnitude — the whole situation of Poland since the war. During the last five years while the contending armies swept back and forth across the country, it has been impossible to maintain hospitals of any kind. All furniture, beds and linen were always requisitioned by the military. All of the better class houses and buildings have been destroyed or looted or burned, except in the larger cities. Nowhere are there any supplies to replace those carried off or destroyed. Added has been the gradual disappearance of all kinds of food, as the conflict wore on, with its attendant starvation.

Today there are over four million destitute people in Poland. The figures seem almost unbelievable until the country is actually seen. Of this four million, it is estimated two million are mothers and children. These people have been living at the starvation point for months, and in some cases, years. One result is tragic in the extreme. Many children in Poland today are being born blind. It is due mainly to the malnutrition of their mothers, so Red Cross investigation has proved, and not to disease.

In two provinces alone more than seven hundred and fifty thousand houses have been destroyed. In twenty per cent. of the villages there is hardly a cottage without a case of typhus. The death rate among the babies is fifty per cent. And to combat this state of affairs there is a newly organized Polish government, patriotic, but limited in resources, and with warfare on two borders at the moment of its creation. It is not a matter for wonder that the Red Cross, with its trained personnel and its thousands of tons of drugs and medical supplies, has become the chief advisor of the government where matters of health are concerned. It is a wonder that anything at all has been done with the situation.

The need for the Red Cross in Siberia is being vigorously met at last, after months of desperate work on the part of the Red Cross men already there, swallowed by the distance of the great Asian

SEEKING THE SORE SPOTS

"TO find the weak, the ragged spots in community life, and to join hands with all other workers to the end that our communities may be made safer and better places for normal lives—this will become the especial province of the Red Cross."

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Soup kitchens, canteens, food distribution—these are but the beginning. There remain the grim struggle against disease and ignorance, and the fight for the children and the future

Today there are four million destitute people in Poland. Of this four million two million are mothers and children. Here is a type of the child the Red Cross is fighting to save

continent, and cut off many times from effective communication with Washington. At Vladivostok recently, no less than five ships were simultaneously discharging cargoes for the Red Cross, one of them being a shipment of nearly two thousand cases.

Gradually the refugee children, the wild children of the Urals, are being gathered in, abandoned by their guardians, and the latest step has been the establishment of a children's farm colony at Lake Torgoyak in Western Siberia with six Red Cross workers who are soon to be reinforced.

Sewing materials for Russian women to make baby clothes, soaps and talcum powders, safety-pins and all the things that are needed so badly in Siberian homes, including adhesive plaster and medical supplies, are going forward from America now. Semi-portable boilers, hundreds of thousands of suits of men's and women's underwear, drugs, convalescent suits and sweaters, begin to pour in now, too, in preparation for the campaign against the ever-present typhus next winter.

Most important is the increase in American personnel which has taken place. The scheme of Red Cross endeavor operates always by employing as much native help as possible at a minimum of expense, but the threat of disease in Siberia has called for more doctors and nurses than can be got in that stricken country. The first result has been the increase in Red Cross workers these past few weeks from over three hundred to nearly seven hundred. Siberia is to get sufficient help from the Red Cross at last, despite the huge sums of money which the increased programme will call for. It is but barely in time. Distress in that vast country, both where famine and disease are concerned, is but little short of that in the Balkans, differing mostly only in the vast extent of territory over which it is spread. So far, the Red Cross for its hospitals and civilian work has shipped over five millions of dollars' worth of supplies. It is another case of necessity, where neither the Red Cross nor America can afford to disregard the vital factors involved. At this writing still another hospital of three thousand beds is being opened at Tomsk for the Russian and allied troops and five hundred more of the Petrograd orphans are being brought westward to be cared for at Vladivostok. There are other places than Poland where the war does not seem to be over.

This is the foreign outlook as we stand on the threshold of this new war of the world—this war against disease and death, against famine and destitution. Already it is plain that for us in America it means more giving of dollars, more work for the Red Cross. It means added membership and giving money to the Red Cross as never before. America cannot afford, even from selfish motives, to give up now with her task half done. The Red Cross proposes to go on until the end, until her work can be done by the governments of the peoples whom we aid today.

In America, too, the Red Cross stands on the threshold of a new conception of Americanism, even while it recognizes that it cannot consider its war obligations at an end while still nearly four hundred thousand families of American soldiers and sailors are being assisted by the Home Service. The activities of merely one small chapter show what this means in actual work. Nearly four hundred families were visited in this town; over eighty vocational training cases were taken up, nearly sixty disability compensation cases assisted, financial aid given twenty-five families, thirteen employment cases were solved and the difficulties incident to allotment and insurance taken care of for twenty soldiers—and all in two weeks. The Red Cross at home is a busy affair.

Before the chapters, particularly in smaller communities, lies the field of social service, especially in those places where today there are no other agencies. To find the weak, the ragged spots in community life—the health impairing, the disease, ignorance, prejudice breeding spots—and to join hands with all other workers who seek community action to the end that our communities may be made safer and better places for the living of useful, normal lives—this will become the especial province of the Red Cross with its nation-wide organization tempered and consecrated by the flame of patriotism the war rekindled.

To aid in this great undertaking, to be in touch with humanity, is there anyone who will not support such a programme to the limit?

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Certainly

—*food*
has a lot to
do with pep
and smiles—
and sturdy
health.

And one of
the greatest
of foods is

Grape-Nuts

—the combined goodness
of wheat and barley.
Wonderfully delicious and
nourishing.

"There's a Reason"

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GONE—THE CHORE BOY OF THE PULPIT

(*Continued from Page 22*)

I've got 'em right; tomorrow *I'm* going to drop round to see *you!* And we'll talk of the war and things—things."

What effect would the expansion abroad have at home upon churches, upon preaching, toleration, forms of worship? To my unspoken questions Chaplain Moody was replying with that emphatic emphasis characteristic of those who have twisted a problem long enough and hard enough to wring out the answer.

"Every minister who went abroad and preached to men learned quickly that men demand realities. He will return with the knowledge that he must henceforth preach and teach realities or he will not get by. The chaplain abroad had little chance for set preaching; the Germans, you know, had the habit—shocking though it may seem to some good souls at home—of fighting on Sundays as well as other days! Nevertheless, there was opportunity in France to learn to simplify, to vitalize, one's preaching. War, perhaps, will not end the essay type of sermon here, but it should make that sort of preaching less common. The chaplain learned, whether he liked the knowledge or not, that the men were out of sympathy with mere pulpit eloquence.

THEY wanted the verities and they wanted them unvarnished. Also war experiences should have their effect here on the language of preaching. I do not look for the slang extremes of Billy Sunday but I do hope for preaching to the point in language to the point, for a recovery from our old overdoses of theological diction, a new leaning toward the colloquialism of the man in the street—all of which can be accomplished without sacrificing proper reverence and dignity. Do not jump at the conclusion, however, that out of the war will come perfect preaching—or preachers. War never remade the world, the flesh, the churchman or the devil, but war undoubtedly does tend to vitalize.

"One religious effect of the war which I do look for is an increase of dignity in the forms of worship, a greater sense of reverence in service forms. The two churches that got closest to the army, had greatest access to the men, were the Episcopal and the Roman Catholic—and don't jump at the notion that I'm an Episcopalian or a Catholic, for I am neither. The objectivity of the ritualism, the forms, was a big asset of these two churches. Needless to say, I do not mean that ritualism was all that the Catholic or the Episcopalian church or chaplain had to offer; all denominations and the chaplains that represented them had something unique to give. The Congregational church, for instance, averaged highest in men of executive ability; in the Congregational church the minister bosses his own job without the aid of a bishop and therefore perforce becomes an executive, the result being that about every executive position of a religious nature in our overseas army was held by a Congregational chaplain, either in the first place or eventually.

"Again, the outstanding chaplain of an outstanding army division, the Rainbow, was a Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. Father Francis P. Duffy, of New York's 'Old Sixty-ninth.' He had as big a hold on the Protestants as on the Catholics—which is saying a bookful. The reason is as simple as sunshine: he's a man of God—that's the answer. When it came to dying, the Protestant soldier wanted communion from a clergyman of his own faith, the Catholic wished to confess to his priest, but always the soldier's desire for the services of a chaplain of his own denomination was secondary to his wish that the chaplain be a man of God. One time in France, by way of instance, we took a religious census with the hope that the statistics so obtained would help us to place Catholic and Protestant chaplains in regiments where the denomination of a given chaplain was in the majority. Before taking the census of one machine gun battalion we had reasons for knowing that about half the battalion was Catholic and half Protestant. The roll was called and exactly 100 per cent. of the men in the battalion answered lustily, 'Roman Catholic' to their names. Their chaplain was a God-fearing, capable Catholic priest—their idol. Rather than run the slightest risk of having him replaced by another chaplain every Baptist, Jew, Methodist, Presbyterian and agnostic in the battalion instantly became a Roman Catholic, 'for the duration of the war,' at any rate. There had been no proselyting, remember. Proselytism in the army was conspicuously absent. Catholic priests labored mightily that the Protestants might receive services; the Protestant was as diligent about getting priests to hear the men's confessions.

"To the glory of the chaplain and his calling be it said that the chaplains I have in mind were not exceptions. The sum of their services was magnificent, and they met and withstood the tests of tremendous crises which, back in their cloistered days at home, they had not dreamed could exist. Clergymen who yesterday in their placid home work perhaps had succumbed to the temptation to flee to upper floors and send down the message, 'Not at home,' rather than face the wrath of a disgruntled church member, found themselves today, perhaps to their own utter amazement, capable of running into the hell of battle with a holy fearlessness.

"REALITIES brought out the real that was in them. I could name chaplains (who perhaps in the old days would have been distressingly unnerved if Brother Peters had touched off his notorious hay fever sneeze during the sermon) who were knocked down while reading the burial service beside a soldier's grave and promptly got up, rubbed the dirt out of their eyes and finished the reading of the service. Others served as stretcher bearers without the slightest trace of nervousness when air raids were driving most men to cover, and I know of instances where chaplains showed magnificent courage of another kind—walking bravely up within arm's length of wrong-doers holding high positions and fearlessly rebuking the exalted scamps as the rascals deserved. I know of ten chaplains killed in battle or whose deaths were due to battle wounds. There is no record of the chaplains gassed and wounded; and many of these refused to wear wound chevrons because they deemed their physical misfortunes 'slight.' Three chaplains in the Rainbow Division were decorated for bravery in battle, five in the Twenty-sixth Division won the *Croix de Guerre* and two chaplains in the same division early received the Distinguished Service Cross. In both of these divisions were other chaplains recommended for decorations, sometimes by more than one regiment. I instance these two divisions at random; they are not exceptions but typical.

"With all the combat troops were fighting men of God. I know of one chaplain who overpowered his German captor, killed him and returned safely to our lines. Another, a Catholic priest who spoke German fluently, fought so fearlessly against Prussianism as well as the rest of the devil's works and pomps that it is a matter of record he once went over the top and single-handed captured and brought back twenty-three German prisoners. Still another, hearing moans beyond our lines, ran out through a fierce fire to a shell hole and found five of our wounded huddled helpless in the hole, and the chaplain went out and back, out and back, until he had carried the last of the five to safety.

"YOU know that yarn, don't you, about the young marine at Chateau-Thierry who suddenly began to laugh, just when the noise itself was head-splitting and the Germans were sending over anvils, monkey wrenches, bank vaults and everything else they had? No? Well, when the marine began to laugh, his astonished buddy thought the lad had gone crazy and said so. 'Crazy, nuthin'!' the marine screamed above the awful din. 'But I just gotta laugh, Eddie, when I think of the night down in Memphis that I threw up my hands just because a bird had me covered with a measly little .32.' Henceforth any disgruntled church-member better 'pack' at least a .45 automatic if he still has the notion that his home-again rector has come back to be merely a chore boy."

The innumerable men and women of the home-coming pastor's flock are destined to learn very soon, if they have not already learned it, that their pastor brought back from France also a clearer understanding of the elemental fact that whenever men decide to get together to do a big thing they—well, they get together.

"Our clergymen in the army learned," to quote Chaplain Moody's conclusions, "just as the soldiers learned, that when it comes to doing a great work the things that bind men together are enor-

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The Intelligent Way To End Corns

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Not by paring. That's a risky make-shift, and results are brief.

Not by harsh, haphazard methods made by non-scientific men.

Not by padding. Pads are unsightly, and they simply coddle corns.

Expert Methods

Blue-jay was invented by a scientific expert. It is made by a house famed for its surgical dressings.

It embodies the up-to-date method, the right method of corn treatment.

Apply it and the pain stops instantly. Forget it for two days. Remove it, and the corn is gone for good.

One corn in ten may need a second application, but that's all.

Millions of corns have been ended in this way. Aching corns are unknown to its users.

These are facts known to your own friends and neighbors. It is time that you knew them. Try Blue-jay tonight.

B&B **Blue-jay**
The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly
Ends Corns Completely
25 Cents—At Druggists

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Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

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mously more important than the things that separate them. That truth will be brought back to civil life by the chaplain, at least in a measure.

"Whether or not the awakenings in France among chaplains and men will show results for continued good in America depends on the church in America. When the church here realizes its duty the awakening will not pass, but to get the awakened to stay awake the church must readjust itself in some essentials. For one thing, the church must take not a patronizing attitude toward, but a sympathetic, intelligent and active interest in, the things man stands for in civil life—say in his labor unions, his living conditions. The churchman must come out of his shell and go among his fellows, search them out with understanding, if he hopes to win and hold them. And if the good that we got abroad from the war is to help us to go forward at home we must emphasize the things that unite, not the things that disintegrate. Rivulets never get far forward as rivers until the many rivulets unite"

THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

(*Continued from Page 26*)

said. "This is the fourth reader room. What reader did you have when you came to school before?"

"I—I never came to school before," Ethelbert faltered.

"Then you want to be downstairs, in the baby room," his informant said. "Not up here."

"Hey, look who got lost!" a big boy shouted. "He thinks this is the baby room! Go downstairs, little boy, and don't fall and hurt yourself."

They all laughed, even the kind girl, and Ethelbert turned away. There were tears in his eyes, but, of course, he could not stay in this room when none of them wanted him there. The teacher at the door did not stop him. The last bell clanged just as he passed her and she turned to her charges, paying no attention to him. She closed the door behind him and he was in the hall alone.

He stood a brief second at the head of the stairs looking down. He was vastly unhappy. The room he had just left was impossible. He would rather die than enter it again. He would have to open the door now if he went in, and the teacher would look at him with surprise. All the eyes of all the half-hundred big boys and big girls would center on him. That was something he could not, in nature, stand. No one could. The room he had just left was impossible.

But to go down was awful, too. To go down meant going into the room where Miss Goosick put her arm around one and made one weep.

Very slowly Ethelbert went down the stairs. He kept close to the wall. When he was a step or two above her Miss Potter, waiting for the belated ones who might arrive tardily, turned and looked up at him.

"But, Bert," she said, "you must not come down now. The last bell has rung."

"I don't want to be up there," he said. "I guess I oughtn't to be up there."

"Well—" Miss Potter said, but he had slipped by her and had opened the door into the corner room before she had reached a decision. The door closed behind him.

He found himself facing all the boys and girls. They were all seated, with their hands folded on their desks. Their eyes, one hundred eyes, turned toward him. He drew a deep breath, for the teacher stood at his side.

"And one more!" she said cheerfully, smiling down at him.

She was pretty. She was young, too. But Ethelbert glanced up at her fearfully. He looked at the face that smiled on him and a chill ran from his head down his spine as she raised one of her hands. He had cast his lot for the room where the teacher made you weep like a girl or put her hand on your head and made of you a teacher's pet. He could already, in imagination, feel her hand resting on his head, while the school looked on, and the hairs of his head tingled.

But she did not pat his head. The hand she raised felt in her hair for a pencil.

"Your name?" she asked

"Bert Carter."

"Your address, Bert?"

"276 Grayson Street, Miss——"

"Did you attend this school last term?"

"No, Miss Goosick."

"Very well, Bert, you may take that seat in the second row. But I am not Miss Goosick. I am Miss Melrose Miss Goosick has been promoted to the fourth reader room. Do you think you ought to be in her room?"

"No, mam," said Ethelbert eagerly "I know I oughtn't to be. I ought to be in your room."

"Then take your seat," said Miss Melrose. "And now, scholars, I want you all to try to do your best this term I want you all to do well because I don't want to have any teacher's pets."

The boy across the aisle from Ethelbert looked at Miss Melrose with deep attention and under that camouflage reached out his foot and kicked Ethelbert in the ankle. And Ethelbert, with worshipping eyes on Miss Melrose's pretty face, cautiously and happily returned the kick, for life had suddenly become worth living.

COMPREE COMES TO AMERICA

(*Continued from Page 43*)

to strike him, stopped short, and grabbing Bill's left arm, jerked it away, shrieking at him:

"Overboard with him!"

And Compree dropped swiftly down the forty feet into the water.

Failure to obey an order—even hesitation—may bring anger in an officer's heart, but it was a mild and purling brook beside the torrential storm of rage that swept over Eddie Wales, who saw the end of the scene just as he emerged on the deck. His eyes flamed—a dull red crept slowly over his face—a Berserker rage—an insanity overwhelming all the bounds of daily life—all the rules of the army—all the fear of authority—possessed him. With one spring he was on DeKay. There was just one breathless second of struggle. DeKay, caught unawares, was powerless. He could have done nothing. Wales, insane with rage, was moving with the strength of forty men. One push—one curse—one lift aided by a lurch of the boat and Wales had thrown DeKay over—to follow Compree into the water.

And then that ghastly moment of pause, after the tragedy. Wales remembered afterwards that scene on the deck that flashed through his eyes as he turned. Not a soul was moving—everyone stood petrified. Amazement, incredulity, even horror held them frozen. The deck, with its figures standing stiff, careened sharply downward.

And then——

"Man overboard" came the cry and there followed instant action. Someone near Eddie threw a life buoy. From the stern came cries and Eddie could see another round, white buoy scaling into the air and dropping nearer the man. There was a sound of bells—a hesitation crept through the ship—hurried orders from the bridge—and confusion. . . .

In the water young DeKay watched the big boat sweep swiftly away. He saw the curve of the life buoy, marked its landing place and struck out instantly for it. The sea was rough, the waves ran high, but the day was clear and mild The water had cooled his wrath. DeKay was an expert swimmer; his first action was instinctive. Danger scarcely entered his mind those first few minutes

He swam a quartering course over the waves—sank low in the trough—rose high on a curling wave and caught one glimpse of the steamer over miles of rolling water. His first sense of calm left him abruptly. Panic came—"What if they should not stop? How could they ever find him in that vast expanse of running sea?" He found himself swimming faster—and instantly steadied himself.

And then—high up—at the crest of the on-rushing wave—he saw the sharply outlined white buoy. A half-dozen strokes—and he was there. He had won the first round—rather easily after all—he thought. With one arm on the buoy—he rested easily—rose and fell—all the while measuring his chances of rescue

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Suddenly he realized he was not alone. On his right he heard a splashing—splashing—then a low whine. Turning he saw Compree swimming strongly towards him. Her big brown eyes looked appealing at him. After all, DeKay was little more than a boy—and in an instant all his boyish love of animals came pouring to the front. Alone in a vast, tumultuous sea—he had found a comrade. He reached over and seizing Compree by the right paw pulled her on to the buoy with him, relaxing his hold to only a light touch to balance the added weight.

And two hours later the rescuing boat came upon them—Compree and the officer—face to face—across the buoy.

Two hours of cold and fear and loneliness, with alternating periods of panic and constricting terror, had done more for DeKay than his whole war service. There was fiber in him, as there is in almost all of us. It needed a cataclysm to bring it out. The DeKay of yesterday had been sloughed off in one hair-raising experience and a different—a seasoned—a tempered DeKay stepped on the deck of the transport, holding Compree in his arms. The deck was crowded; DeKay sensed instantly the hostility of the soldiers. The whole ship was against him, for they did not know another DeKay stood before them. DeKay ran his eyes quickly over the men, searching for Simple Bill. He had never seen his assailant—he did not know the owner of the dog—but he felt sure that Simple Bill could not long conceal the information from him. But DeKay was slow—he had quicker means at hand. For suddenly Compree had struggled from his arm, jumped clumsily to the deck and rushed to the feet of the tall and rangy Eddie Wales, standing to the left of Simple Bill. Compree danced and barked—she rushed forward—sidestepped—stood on her hind legs, letting out little cries of joy and happiness as she threw herself bodily at the powerful doughboy whom she had adopted for life

No one among that whole transport of soldiers was prepared for the next move. They were in a way as transfixed by it as they had been hours before by the sudden and stupefying drama that had come upon them. For Lieut. Harold DeKay, Infantry, stepped forward bravely, a new light in his eyes, held his hand out to Eddie Wales, and said: "That was an ugly lurch the boat gave. It caught me off my balance. I'm a lucky man to be alive. And I'm for your dog. She's great."

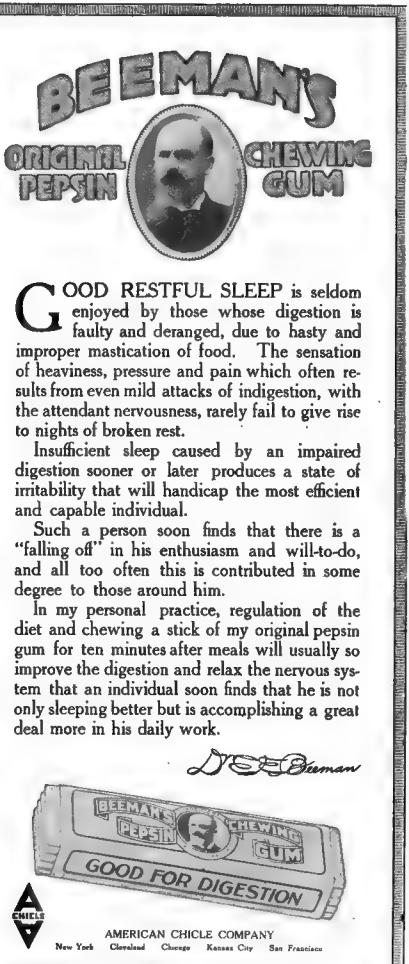
There was a gasp. It took a second for that speech to reach the men's understanding. And then there came a cheer that gathered power as it spread along the deck.

And three days later, when Compree came to America——

"Look, Compree, that's the Goddess of Liberty," said Eddie Wales, holding her up.

"There," said Lieut. DeKay, turning the dog's head a little to the left, "there she is welcoming you to America."

And Simple Bill said nothing, but gently stroked her back.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GOOD RESTFUL SLEEP is seldom enjoyed by those whose digestion is faulty and deranged, due to hasty and improper mastication of food. The sensation of heaviness, pressure and pain which often results from even mild attacks of indigestion, with the attendant nervousness, rarely fail to give rise to nights of broken rest.
Insufficient sleep caused by an impaired digestion sooner or later produces a state of irritability that will handicap the most efficient and capable individual.
Such a person soon finds that there is a "falling off" in his enthusiasm and will-to-do, and all too often this is contributed in some degree to those around him.
In my personal practice, regulation of the diet and chewing a stick of my original pepsin gum for ten minutes after meals will usually so improve the digestion and relax the nervous system that an individual soon finds that he is not only sleeping better but is accomplishing a great deal more in his daily work.
W. J. Beeman
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CHICLE
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New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

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WHY I LIVE IN THE COUNTRY

(*Continued from Page 35*)

because it was cheaper to buy feed, flour, and so on, has got to learn all over again to be self-sufficient, now prices have gone up. Nevertheless, even today, he is in a position to face the prospect of war, famine, pestilence or revolution with more equanimity, greater sense of security than any other class. He cuts his own fuel; he raises his own milk, butter, eggs, chickens, pork, ham, bacon; he could raise his own mutton and beef; he could, if a pinch came, grind his own meal and flour, even make his own clothes. To accomplish this he has to rise early and work late, but the work is all for himself, on his own place, and is constantly creative. An entire creative process is under his direction and control; he is not the slave of a machine. The "independence" of the farmer's disposition is but a reflection of this fact.

A sense of security is, perhaps, a low plane on which to rest an argument for one's way of life. That, and nothing else, is mere timidity and stagnation. But a sense of security as a basis for higher effort is one of the best and most stimulating things I know anything about. Secure in his feeling of independence, his realization that what he is doing is the rock on which society rests, the farmer of the present is just awaking to cooperative effort toward a better ordering of many of the functions of that society, and the farmer of the future, I feel sure, will actually hold as important a position in the national machine as he has been told in the past he occupied, by prospective congressmen. Should any of my neighbors read this they will smile a bit, and probably remark that I am a queer sort of farmer, who rents his fields to another, and spends his time on a fancy vegetable garden and endless flowers, getting an income in some mysterious way by banging a typewriter while real farmers are asleep. Yet, even so, my vegetables and fruits, planted and cultivated by my own toil, support the family to an astonishing extent, I cut thirty cords of wood last winter for fuel, and at any time, if the mysterious typewriter should refuse to work, I could become a "real" farmer. My vocation, which I am sometimes pleased to call "literary," is a precarious one at best, unless its follower is greatly successful at it and writes "best sellers." Yet I look forward calmly to the future, and lay plans, not for a novel or a play, but for a scheme I am cherishing of cooperative marketing! I, too, feel that I rest on the land, the warm, brown, fertile land. The feeling gives me a calm happiness I never knew of old.

Finally (for my space is filling up), I expect to die in the house I have built, and to fertilize with my ashes the garden I have planted. I am weary of moving, weary of flats, weary of possessing—and that only by right of brief rental—nothing more than a closet with a steam radiator to call home. Americans once lived in houses, were born and died in them, handing them on to their children. To me there is something infinitely sad in the passing of such homes, with their wealth of associations, of mellowness, of memories. It may be that the wilderness of apartment houses, the modern cliff dwellings of Manhattan, produce men and women (and a few children) keener of mind, happier, healthier, richer in spiritual soundness and pith, than the old white pine dwellings of our fathers, with up-and-down stairs, fireplaces, a wood shed, a flower garden, a vegetable garden, and maybe barns and pastures and huckleberry lots and meadows starred with cowslips. But I have my doubts and, at any rate, I prefer, infinitely prefer, myself to live in a real house, with all the solid comfort and privacy and peace that implies, to indulge my artistic impulses by painting with flowers instead of visiting the Fifth Avenue galleries gradually, with love and joy, to weave memories into every brick and bed, to bring beauty to the roadside, to the doorstep, across the doorstep into spacious rooms that are but a snugger retreat from the great room without, the great room with a green carpet and high-arched ceiling of cerulean blue!

I am, of course, aware that it has been my good fortune to learn the use of books as many of my neighbors haven't and that I am often less physically weary at night to read them; that I have had my fling at the amusements and excitements of the town, and still can have them off and on; that, in short, I am not, for a fact, a "real" farmer. Yet in spite of all, I know that the deep, instinctive impulses which pulled me and hold me to the land, pull at my neighbors, too, or can pull, in much the same way and to the same degree. I know that when one of them gives up his ancestral home for an upper West Side flat, gives up the plow handles for the bank clerk's pen, gives up the sight of our mountain for the movies, gives up the freedom of the country for the cramped restlessness of the city, he is giving up something fine and precious. What he gets in return may quite compensate him. That, after all, is a personal matter. I can only reiterate that it didn't compensate me. I have come back to the country to live out the rest of my life because the country, to me, holds a richer, happier, more satisfying life than the town. It is not riches, but a richer life that all of us want, in the last analysis, even when we do not know it.

THE EDUCATION YOU HAVE TO FIGHT FOR

(*Continued from Page 55*)

very exceptional young men, to be sure—could actually strike off into the hills with a pack-mule and a tent and christen the flowers of their country.

In writing about the prairie schoolhouse one keeps getting away from it; and that is just what the pupils and the teachers did. It was a way station, where one took the train for something bigger.

After the days when the farmers and farmers' wives took turns keeping school, our country teachers were usually very young people, high school graduates, who were trying to make enough money to go away to college or to prepare for some profession. Perhaps they did not have all the qualifications of trained teachers, but they had an energy and enthusiasm that was very effective in stirring up country children. To my mind a teacher is never the worse for having personal ambitions; anything that gives him direction and intensity is all to the good of his pupils. In the West we have many men of affairs, doctors and lawyers, bankers and railroad officials, who spent a few of the most vigorous years of their youth teaching school. The best teachers I ever had were those who were on their way to something else. Their momentum carried us on a little way.

I remember one young teacher who used to spend the noon hour with his elbows on his desk and his head bent over a Latin book. From the arrangement of the lines on the page we knew that it was poetry. His face was sometimes very stern while he read, and he would compress his lips and fly at his lexicon in a way that made us feel that what he read must be very exciting. I used to long to know what it was about, but I never got up courage to ask him. The mere sight of that boy at his desk was worth as much as anything that can be taught in courses in pedagogy. Children can't be fooled; they know when learning is priceless to a man and when he is merely making his living out of it.

To many young men and women in those new States learning was priceless. The country was full of boys walking up and down the long corn rows on the farms, or sweeping out the grocery store in the little towns, who were night and day planning and contriving how they could go to college. Because it was so difficult then, it seemed infinitely desirable.

The case of Dr. Samuel Williston, Professor of Paleontology at the University of Chicago, who died last summer, is very typical. When he was a baby his parents left Boston and went West, traveling overland in a prairie schooner. They took up a homestead near Manhattan, Kan., on a grant of land made by President Lincoln. When Samuel was sixteen years old his father sent him to the Kansas Agricultural School. But young Williston did not want to be a farmer. He wanted to become a scholar of some kind, though he had no notion

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how to set about it, and he wanted to see the world. He ran away from school, joined a construction gang, and for three years worked as a railroad hand, surveying and grading the first line from Kansas down into Arkansas. While he was working in gravel beds and cutting down chalk hills full of fossils he found that he wanted to be a scientist. At nineteen he went back to the school he had left, finished his course, and afterward worked his way to Yale. During his life Dr. Williston wrote a great many scientific books of the highest importance and at his death he left a collection of flies and fossil reptiles which contained over a million specimens which had not previously been identified, and discovered the oldest known reptile in the carboniferous period, a monster with three eyes. The universities of Russia, Germany, France and England repeatedly sent representatives to study with him and to work with his wonderful collection.

The prairie schoolhouse often started boys off on careers like this. Other countries have had their peasant scholars, but they were so rare that they became proverbial, while in our country they are so usual that they are not even commented upon.

Twenty-five years ago the Western farmers were poor; forty years ago they were poorer still. The newly founded State universities were poor, and so were the professors. There were no scholarships. The difficulties that lay between a country boy and a college education were unsurmountable except to fellows with unusual pluck and endurance.

When the University of Nebraska consisted of one red building on a buffalo-grass campus, three farmer boys came up one autumn to go to school. They had almost no money, but each brought certain supplies from home; one brought potatoes and root vegetables, another home-cured hams, another plenty of sorghum molasses. They had not known each other before they came to Lincoln, but their ambitions and their necessities were alike, and they soon became friends. They rented a little house on the outskirts of the town, pooled their provisions and "batched" together. They tended furnaces, worked in the printing office, took care of office buildings, got work enough to meet their expenses and give them a little spending money. They must have "ground," of course, but they were not grinds. The record they left behind them for mischief was almost as often quoted afterwards as that they left for scholarship. They worked their way through the four years of the course and then went abroad to study. Years later, when I went to school at that university, these three men were all professors in older and larger institutions, and their names were held out to encourage freshmen who had a hard road before them. Yet these three men were not markedly exceptional, except, perhaps, in their success.

Though conditions had become a little easier when I was a student at the university, one never knew what a hard time one's classmates might be having. I remember we had a grown man in our

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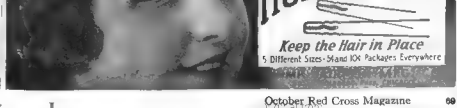

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freshman class who was very popular in spite of the fact that his mustache made him seem a little awkward in class where some of the boys wore knee trousers. He was always jolly, and nobody suspected what a hard fight he had made to come to school. One spring afternoon he came up to me on the campus and said he wanted to bid me goodbye. His father was very ill and he was going home to take charge of the farm.

"It's the third time I've tried to come to school and been pulled back," he said, "but I won't give up. I think I'll be here to read the Odyssey with the rest of you next year. I'm going to keep up my Greek at home."

His father died, and he did not come back. But next year, when we began the Odyssey, he wrote to the Greek professor and wished us luck. Dr. Lees read me a part of the letter, and, as he said, it would have melted a stony heart —which his was not. But there was nothing to be done about it. Many a boy had to drop out like that one, and some of those who got through did it at a sacrifice of health and died in the beginnings of success.

When education was as hard to get as that it took on the glamour of all unattainable things. Boys and girls thought about it and dreamed about it, believed that if they could only have it it would satisfy the very hunger of youth. I think that thirst for knowledge must have been partly a homesickness for older things and deeper associations, natural to warm-blooded young people who grow up in a new community, where the fields are naked and the houses small and crowded, and the struggle for existence is very hard. The bleakness all about them made them eager for the beauty of the human story. In those days the country boys wanted to read the Aeneid and the Odyssey; they had no desire to do shop work or to study stock-farming all day. They hadn't left the home pig-pen to go to the college pig-pen, but to find something as different as possible—if it were only, like Professor Williston, to discover a three-eyed reptile of the carboniferous age. Some of them wanted to be scholars, and they were willing to pay everything that youth can give.

Now, of course, everything is much easier for the Western boy who wants an education. Out in the sand-hill country, in the Colorado mining camps, up in the remote Wyoming timber districts, there are boys who are making a hard struggle to go to college. But the struggle is nowhere so hard as it used to be. As the chorus sings in the "Messiah," the crooked ways have been made straight and the rough places plain.

The country schoolhouses on the prairies are now comfortable, modern buildings; they are kept well painted, and have yards and playgrounds. In every country town the best building is the high school. The new ones are built round a court to get plenty of light, and they have as many fire-escapes as a New York tenement. From these schools the wonderful system of State universities has developed. Some day a very interesting book will be written about our State universities. They grow in influence and power every year, and each has developed a very marked character of its own. The Universities of Nebraska and Kansas, both standing in the midst of rich farming country, have more and more specialized in agriculture and in the sciences which touch it. They have done a great deal to enrich the farming and stock industries of the two States. The University of Wisconsin, situated in the beautiful lake and forest country, has become famous for its study of social problems. The University of Colorado is newer than these others, but it lies in the midst of great natural beauties, at the mouth of Boulder Canyon, and must look forward to a remarkable future. The University of Wyoming is newer still. It is at Laramie, in the sage-brush plains, with a fine spur of mountains behind it. Four or five years ago, when Walter Damrosch made a tour to the coast with the New York Symphony Orchestra, the students engaged the orchestra to come to Laramie and give a performance, and requested the conductor to put upon his programme Dvorák's symphony, "From the New World," as "the class had been studying it"!

All these State universities are growing and changing as life changes and thought changes; nothing is fixed, and all their traditions are yet to be made. What they are to be depends on the young men and women who study in them and who teach in them.

I wonder whether they are still turning out such brilliant young men as they turned out when they were struggling and poor; and whether the country boy longs for an education now, as he did when it was hard to get? In this present time, which Bishop Beecher once called "the era of extravagance which came in with the automobile," does that fine seriousness still persist in youth whose paths are made easy? But it was not so much seriousness; it was a kind of fire, a really burning ambition and devotion which enabled the young scholars of thirty years ago to do for their State and community the work of several generations in one short lifetime

THE SCHOOL THAT EVERYBODY WANTS

(*Continued from Page* 46)

of the instructor's, "One, two, one two" are not play and not really particularly useful.

"Play," Dr. Gulick used to say, "is the fun of the soul." A child will work tremendously at a job he considers play, a dream of his own that he is realizing, or a game that he is a part of, and grow and never feel tired. His soul is marching on.

Standing in line, dominated by a stern drill master, holding one's self at the "alert" is hard, hard work. The child fatigues rapidly. He can work in this way but a short time. Play is the thing he needs to complete and keep his growth. He must have it if he is to be a healthy and well-balanced child. The playground is the great democratic force in the school.

The new school is primarily a school of freedom, of expression, of thoroughness, of taste, of leisure. It is a house for children. In the old day, people had a queer idea that children ceased to live as children for the time they were in school. Once they entered the building they were to take on new manners, new ways of living and being children, to take on the stiffness and deadness of age.

The old building was built like that. The seats were screwed to the floor so that a child must stay where he was put. The walls were bare, the windows were high. The sanitary fittings were like the morals of the old kings' court—"the less said about them the better." The playground was a bit of out-doors badly treated.

The new building is beautiful. It is built by architects who know about the needs of little children. Beauty is a part of a child's heritage. Ugliness in any form is not for him. At least it should not be expressed in his building.

The new school building is a low, spreading structure. It has many windows that let in the sunlight and air. They are placed so that the children and teacher may rest their eyes by looking through them.

The building is cool in summer and heated in winter. There are toilets and bathrooms so spotless in their purity that a child feels cleaner just by looking at them.

There is a kitchen and a dining room. There is a room for the nurse and the doctor. Children should be inspected daily for their own protection and their neighbors. They are weighed and measured and the head of the luncheon room notified if they do not gain as they should. Her business is to furnish the right diet.

There are wonderful shops in the new schools, shops for the boys and shops for the girls. The boys may take the work in the girls' shops and the girls' may take the work in the boys' shops, if they wish, and the teachers and parents approve.

There is a print shop and a woodworking shop, a pottery, a studio for drawing and one for music. There is a sewing room and a dramatic room; science laboratories and moving pictures; a fine auditorium that parents as well as children use. There is a piano wherever one is needed and a phonograph wherever the piano will not serve. There is a library and a game room. There is a garden.

The classrooms are attractive. The furniture is pretty and the children may move it about. Light chairs that suit the height of the children, and tables that will seat a group are the thing. Did you ever select the group you wanted to work with when you were at the Red Cross meeting or the Lodge meeting? Ever pick up your chair and cross to the other side of the room? I wonder why?

The new building, you see, is a chil-

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dren's house. Children live in it in the children's way. Don't you see they are not little men and women? They are children, which means something very different. A child must move about to grow. You have ceased to grow so you may sit still. He must talk to exercise his speech organs, for only by speaking may he learn to speak. You have learned so you may be silent

The child is a social little creature. He must have friends and playmates. You have selected yours and are content. A child is very different from you. He does different things that you often describe as bad things. They really are nothing of the kind. You did them all yourself as a child and you were not bad. Have a little faith in the child of his father and let him grow.

You draw back at the picture and fear pulls at your heart. "The child will be spoiled." That is what the Pilgrim Fathers said when the schools of their century were launched. Heat in the school building? The children would be weakened and coddled shamefully. Music? The machinations of the Devil. Singing games? Lightness and frivolity.

Don't you see? The New School for the New Day. Treating a child like a normal being, surrounding him with culture and beauty and joy, will spoil him? You would not say that of your child. It is impossible. Only evil can hurt him and that cannot come near the new school. It was nearer the old one, with its ironclad discipline, and its distrust of little children, who knew no evil and were but living out their growth as they were intended to do.

Now I will tell you a secret. It does not matter very much what the subjects are that you teach the child. It is the child that is important and not the subject matter. It is how the teaching is done and who the teacher is that counts in the long run.

If the teacher is teaching the Course of Study and not the children—if the teacher cannot look the class as a gardener looks at his garden and develop his children as the gardener would his plants—the children will never realize their full growth. There is the tragedy of education. The wonderful possibilities that are never realized. The awful waste of childhood because th. Course of Study crowds out the child.

The Course of Study is the child. The thing to be taught is his mind and his soul. When we turn him out of school, if he is thoughtful, sincere, accurate, energetic, generous and unafraid, full of the sense that he is an American, the school has done well. If not, though he pass the examinations of the great universities the school has failed.

This means a great teacher? Surely Why not? The nice little girl won't do Not if your child is to keep up with the United States of America, and we have already agreed that he must.

We must search for and train teachers for our children. Teaching is not anybody's and everybody's job any more. That day went by with the other old days. The teacher is an expert on child culture. If yours is not, you would better start him acquiring the rudiments of his profession or get a new teacher.

Doesn't Kill Cooties

MENNEN Shaving Cream is an article of limited usefulness — about all it's good for is to give you a magnificent shave. It isn't effective in surgical cases. I never tried it on a dog — in fact, it doesn't smell like a good dog soap.

Mennen's isn't a powerful disinfectant. Its bland action doesn't get your skin into a condition which demands a dis infectant.

All that our chemists have contributed to the science of beard taming is to get rid of free caustic; to produce a cream that really softens a beard without rubbing with fingers and which works perfectly with stimulating cold water just as well as with hot water; and to introduce into the cream a heavy content of soothing balm which leaves your skin as happy as that of a baby's after a Mennen talcum bath.

Ever since Mennen's revolutionized shaving soaps, scientists have worked hard to learn how we did it, but judging from results our secret is still a secret.

I have never claimed that Mennen's was the most scientific or the best shaving cream — I've just said there was nothing else like it.

A million and a half men agree with me — they don't care which is said to be best — they just want Mennen's.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

This giant tube costs 35c. It is larger and longer than the regular 35c size, and gives you more cream for the money.

JIM HENRY,
The Mennen Company,
42 Orange Street,
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Dear Jim:
My friends tell me that Mennen's is the Cream I ought to use. I enclose 12 cents for a demonstrator tube.

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The real teacher has certain sure trade marks. He is a quiet well-poised man or woman. He gives you a sense of power and security. If he makes you conscious of the fact that you said "is" when you should have said "are" he is not the teacher I mean.

He has a gift of clear speech. You always know what he means when he has finished speaking. He has said something. He will agree with you occasionally on the bringing up of your children. That is a good sign. The teacher who is afraid to disagree with a parent is not the teacher I mean. He will always be good mannered even when he disagrees with you. You will be sure then that he is setting a good example.

The new teacher will be able to plan an intelligent Course of Study and advise us as to the sort of building needed and the equipment and the supplies required.

The new teacher is a big teacher.

When one of the children fell very sick, you sent for the best doctor you could find. You asked other people about him. You made sure that he had a certificate from the best medical school, and that he had a lot of experience in the work that you needed him for.

You called and he came. He did the work and you never thought you had the right to question anything he said or did. You were plain grateful when he saved the life of your child and paid him gladly.

Why is it that you will demand expert knowledge from the doctor and allow any pleasant-faced, intelligent person to teach the school?

A teacher helps or hinders your child to his everlasting harm or good. He puts the stamp of his soul on the soul of your child.

Select the teacher from the best training school that you can find. Keep your eye on the school and when you find that things are going on well let him alone. By these signs shall you know things are going on well:

The children will be happy. They will like to go to school. They will talk about the work they did in class and not about the bad conduct of some individual. They will carry home some project of interest and get you to help with it. They will say "This teacher makes you work and I like him."

All this will cost a lot of money. The building with the shops and gardens and classrooms and books and teachers and proper supervision will be expensive. What of it? You are raising a man. Didn't you mean it? Is it a cheap man you want to turn out?

Raise the tax rate. Pay for the best building and the best equipment and the finest teachers that money will buy. When it begins to hurt you, remember how you poured out your money, your food and your children when a great danger threatened the Nation.

You ate corn bread though you loathed it. You made the old coat do and went shabby. You bought Liberty Bonds and War Stamps when you wanted to buy an automobile. You pledged everything you had to the success of the War.

Education is as important as the War. It is a War. The threat of ignorance and inefficiency is enough to make the sleepiest of us wake up. What are you saving the money for? For the children, isn't it? Your life is practically over. You live now only as your children live. Spend the money on their education and they will do more than you ever did and they will not need you to save money for them.

Or are you saving it to buy cannon with? Education means Peace. Let us have it.

With a fine building, a fine equipment, fine teachers trained in the conception of service to the United States of America, parents alert and eager to see that their children get the best that the country can give, and the finest children in the great round world, what can stop the new school?

Nothing but the short-sighted, cheeseparing methods of those whose duty it is to see that the schools of the nation are wisely and generously administered To them the children would say:

"We are tired of a word education. We want something real. We are tired of an education where the teacher does the whole job, the thinking, the talking, the answering, the rating. We are tired of an education that makes us dependent. We have paid sufficient attention to dead things. We want to work with living forces.

"It is not enough to have the picture of a flower, we want the real flower. To grow it, to care for it, to pick it, to give it to a friend.

"It is not enough to have a stuffed rabbit. We want a real one. We want to feed him, to feel his soft fur, to play with him.

"It is not enough that you tell us to 'walk uprightly.' Let us walk uprightly and then we shall know how it feels to be and to play the part of men. We shall feel it with our whole bodies and sense it with our souls.

"We are impatient with old, useless, dead words. Teach us the new things, the new inventions, the new ways of helping, the new and accurate ways of computing, the new forces that men are harnessing. For we must sound the depths of the seas and the limits of the ether. We are the New America.

"Hurry! Each day counts! We will do as you say. We will do as you do, only we would do it better. We must be new men, better men, so that we may be true to you and true to the best that went before you, otherwise your religion, your ethics, your philosophy, your money, your work are all for nothing.

"Cannot you see, we are Progress. We are the Nation. We are ceaseless Triumphant energy. Come, give us your hand and help us up."

MANY of the most noted American writers and illustrators are among the contributors to the NOVEMBER RED CROSS MAGAZINE

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THE NEW CITY OF BEAUTIFUL SLUMS

(*Continued from Page 38*)

Congress—and that it stays put.

We do not yet see that nine-tenths of the diseases of body, the social and economic evils, the political perversions, and all the rest of the ills we are heir to, can be swiftly and soundly cured only through the school-house.

In the City of the Future no boy or girl will be allowed to be out of school, winter or summer, except for occasional vacations, until he or she is twenty-one; children will not be given an education because their parents can afford it, but will (both poor and rich) not be allowed to grow up untrained because the State *cannot* afford it. We shall recognize that child-training is not a family matter, but a City matter, a State matter, a World matter.

In the City of the Future the public schoolhouses will be bigger than the court houses, more charming than the big hotels, busier than the railway stations and as widespread and as accessible as the grocery stores. The superintendent of schools will draw more salary than the mayor, and the teacher will occupy a higher social position than the colonel's lady or the wife of the banker.

The City of the Future will be run by women.

Because women are by nature more capable of running things than men. They are practical. Men are ideal.

They are administrative. Men are creative. They are born economists (for economy is just a Greek word for "housekeeping").

Women will be mayors, aldermen, policemen, legislators and all such things, because they are naturally conservative, work well with institutions and know how to keep up loose ends.

Men will be at work. They will write poetry. (No women write first-class poetry.) They will plan big business. They will devise, scheme and do the rougher toil.

Man comes first; woman afterward And the most important business of the world is clothing, feeding, transporting and educating. Governing is of secondary importance. And women govern better than men.

This will go far toward solving the sex problem, and automatically. For the main cause of sex evils is the economic dependence of woman. She has been "kept." She has been a possession. Some day she will do the possessing. Being a mother, she will bring into its proper dominance what ought to be the chief factor in the relations between the sexes—the child.

Only when you approach the sex muddle from the standpoint of the child can you think sanely upon it.

The City of the Future will be religious. Deeply, universally.

In its first centuries Christianity was captured by the monarchical idea. The Church, up till the Reformation, was merely the projection of the imperial

"But your nerves simply can't stand the strain!"

SHE knows that something must be done to repair what long hours of work and worry have torn down.

From her Physician she knows that Sanatogen, the food-tonic, supplies what nerves need most—concentrated nourishment, in the shape of pure protein and organic phosphorus, to provide a fresh and abundant store of energy for the work-weary nerves.

And when Sanatogen actually brings to him a new joy in working and achieving, he, too, feels that in Sanatogen he has found indeed a true friend to lean on in times of physical stress.

He will say with David Belasco: "I heartily recommend Sanatogen to all those who, like myself, are obliged to overwork. After my personal experience I can readily vouch for its recuperative qualities."

You, too, will find Sanatogen the aid you need.

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system of Cæsar. With the Reformation it split into sects. But these are for the most part but imitations of the same monarchic organization.

We shall outgrow the sectarian era. We shall, some day, have our religious organizations founded, not on some outgrown issue, such as apostolic succession or mode of baptism or form of ecclesiastical government, but upon the universal necessity of ethical training and of the culture of worship.

As the world is much more religious now than it was in the days when it was called religious and when in the shadow of majestic cathedrals they burnt heretics, as there is much more altruism, mercy and brotherliness extant in 1919 than in 919, so there will be much more religious sentiment and conviction in a hundred years from now.

Because churches then will no more fight one another than public schools now fight one another.

It will be recognized that religion is the basis and feeder of the conservative virtues, of physical health, of social harmony, of commercial prosperity, of the making of just laws and of the disposition to keep them.

The greatest victory of the late war was not over the Kaiser, but over the Kaiser's Gott.

That ancient idea of a deity who functions through the strongest battalions, through fierceness and might, was put to rout by the growing idea of a God of righteousness, of treaty-keeping, of honorable treatment of women and of truth-telling.

The City of the Future will be openly, profoundly, unaffectedly religious.

For the River of God shall flow through the streets of the city.

Shall this city ever be?

It shall, and it shall not.

It shall be, insofar as it is a natural growth, the unfolding of existing elements. And when it comes it, too, shall be commonplace, unsatisfactory, and men shall cherish new dreams. For the ideal floats ever before us; we never catch up with it.

It shall not be, for it is of tomorrow; and tomorrow, when it comes, is today.

But it is. It is now. In our minds. Hence also real. For "the thing we long for, that we are, for one transcendent moment."

And what we long for subtly determines what we are.

So we may say "There is a city." It is every soul's secret. As the Italian poet had it, *Ciascuna e cittadina d'una vera citta.* Everyone is a citizen of a true city.

It represents the joy of multitudes, and the highest pleasure of souls is gregarious.

It floats before us. At every turn of the road it seems no nearer. But there is a city. And it hath foundations.

"There is a city, builded by no hand
And unapproachable by sea or shore,
And unassailable by any band
Of storming soldiery for evermore."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, THE FATHER

(*Continued from Page* 19)

really stood the walk wonderfully. We came home after dark. The faithful Susan (a pet of the children who had been named regardless of his sex) was with us, and at the foot of our hill he treed a 'possum. So Bob ran for a gun, while Ted (who had reached the tree and had seen the 'possum before either Bob or myself) and Susan and I stayed to keep ward over the 'possum. Bob returned leading the delighted Kermit, who, as we returned in triumph with our quarry, explained that 'it was the first time he had ever seen a fellow shot.' He felt as if it was much like any other homicide; but much approved of it."

Roosevelt was what he declared the boys delighted in, "a grown-up of buoyant temperament and inventive mind," and the sports he devised for days bright and days rainy were many and varied. There were handicap races down Cooper's Bluff, for instance, a gigantic sandbank rising from the edge of the bay, a mile from the house; there were camping parties on an abandoned schooner near Lloyd's Neck; there were, especially on rainy days, obstacle races around and through the old barn. On the Fourth of July there were entertainments, sometimes neither safe nor altogether sane, at which accidents were avoided partly by the instinctive reaction that seems to operate in the minds of those accustomed to dangers, but mainly by the interposition of Providence. And always in every excursion and every adventure, the father was the playmate most cherished by his sons.

"He was the most wonderful companion in the world to us," said one of his sons a long time after. "He loved playing with boys. There was nothing put on about it. Some people think they ought to love it when they don't; but he really did. You see, he never really grew up. He was just like a boy of our own age. We were always respectful towards him—you wouldn't think of being anything else—but we never felt he was grown up. It has always seemed extraordinary to me how a man who naturally, in the course of his daily work, had seen so much of the seamy side of life, could be equally thrilled by a boy's game and by the plays of Euripides."

He was a great comrade, an altogether successful playmate; but he was also a lawgiver and judge and friendly guide, of deep understanding and firmness and patience.

He was a strict disciplinarian; up to a certain age, that is, he insisted on absolute obedience. He was, however, singularly wise in his strictness. As one of his sons phrased it, "he never put himself in a hole." He never threatened a punishment which he could not or would not execute. He seldom made a threat, but when he did he saw to it that it was one which he could carry out.

He was similarly careful in making and keeping promises. He himself has told about a promise which he and the mother of the boys made to the youngest one day to bring him home a "'spress-wagon" to replace a gorgeous red affair which had been his particular heart's delight and which in some way had been broken.

"We promised the bereaved owner that we would visit a store we knew in East Norwich, a village a few miles away, and bring back another "'spress wagon.' When we reached the store we found to our dismay that the wagon which we had seen had been sold. We could not bear to return without the promised gift, for we knew that the brains of small persons are much puzzled when their elders seem to break promises. Fortunately we saw in the store a delightful little bright-red chair and bright-red table, and these we brought home and handed solemnly over to the expectant recipient, explaining that as there unfortunately was not a "'spress' wagon, we had brought him back a "'spress' chair and "'spress' table. It worked beautifully! The "'spress' chair and table were received with such rapture that we had to get duplicates for the other small member of the family who was the particular crony of the proprietor of the new treasures."

As the boys grew older he continued scrupulously careful to keep the pledges which he made his sons. One of the delights of the boys was camping on Lloyd's Neck, and a proposal to spend a night about a campfire there was always greeted with shouts of approval. When the father had once promised to take the boys on one of these trips, no combination of politics or the elements could turn him from it. He would go, though rain fell in torrents, unless the boys themselves offered to postpone the trip. If they said, "Let's wait," he would wait; if they decreed, "Let's go," he would go. As far as he was concerned, his promise held.

It was inevitable that ties woven thus of common interests and adventures shared, of sympathy and truth and faith well-kept should grow stronger with every year that passed. Discipline in the Roosevelt household was firm, but it was based on understanding, not fear. Nothing there was ever forced. If the father wished any of his sons to follow a certain course, he issued no commands. However young the boy was, he discussed the matter gravely with him as though they were both of an age, listened to the boy's arguments as he would to a senator's, and treated them with a respect he would not always give to a Congressional debate.

It happened once that Kermit returned from boarding-school for a vacation resolved to give up the idea of going to college and, at the end of his school course, to go to work. He brought the matter straight to his father.

Roosevelt recognized at once that the boy was suffering from the restlessness

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"I'll say it is!"

PRINCE ALBERT certainly will put some frolic into that pet pipe of yours! To pack that joy'us old jimmy brimful or roll a makin's cigarette and hit 'er up a notch or two is just going right over the top with your eyes wide open!

What P. A. will do for your taste and tongue you sure ought to know! Like the gentleman from Sparrow's Point you'll call P. A. a good egg! You'll smoke a pipe full and talk a bucket full—Prince Albert is such a great, big bunch of smokesunshine!

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Highest Endorsements To a new system, which has been put to the most severe tests, and which has proved remarkably successful in the training of children, we have secured the highest endorsements from leading educators, some of which are given below. We shall be glad to send you all these testimonials on request.

Free Book Just off the press, a startling book which tells the story of this new method. Tells how it was developed, how it works, how it can be applied in your own home. Tells how it makes many severe home problems disappear. Write for this book today. It will be sent free and postpaid.

The Parents Association
Dept. 2710, 449 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City

to be about the world's work which inevitably comes at some time or other to every active mind and energetic body. He knew that the boy would get over it, but he recognized that, at the moment, seeing the futility of the surface of college life, his desire to "get up and do" was deep and intense. He knew also that the boy would regret all his life a rash step that would rob him of the college associations his father had enjoyed. But he gave him no expression of his own judgment.

He said, "Do you think you want to give up college? Perhaps you're right. Let's talk it over."

They did talk it over. Calmly, for hours, they discussed the question from every angle. Before the end of the session Kermit had come to the conclusion that it would be wiser to go to college after all. He returned to school, not sullenly, at an autocrat's command, but with a mind that saw farther than it had seen before, and therefore gladly took a course which before had repelled him.

Roosevelt was not given to preaching to his sons, but the precepts that he did give them were simple and clear and fundamental.

"There are two things," he said, "that I want you to make up your minds to. First, that you're going to have a good time as long as you live—I have no use for a sour-faced man—and next, that you are going to do something worth while, that you are going to work hard and do the things you start out to do.

"Work hard, but have a good time, too. If in your work you find a chance for a holiday, take it. Enjoy it just as much as you can. But don't think that you can have a holiday all your lives, because you can't. You are going to work hard; you must.

"Don't let anyone impose on you. Don't be quarrelsome. But stand up for your rights. If you have to fight, fight and fight hard and well. A coward is the only thing meaner than a liar.

"Be brave, but be gentle to little girls and to all dumb animals. The boy who maltreats the weak is not worth having his neck wrung.

"And whatever you do, don't flinch, don't foul, but hit the line hard!"

Of the four boys who romped through the halls of the White House throwing pillows at the President of the United States, one is dead in the service of his country and the others bear distinguished records for courage and leadership and a fatherly understanding of the men entrusted to their charge, a sympathy for them and an influence over them, which surely have their roots in that companionship between a father and his sons of which these pages are a feeble and most imperfect record. The father, characteristically enough, was never conscious of the heritage he was day by day building for them. When he used his own character or experience as an example, it was always, to the amusement of his sons, as an example that was to be avoided.

He was plagued also by the thought that his sons would be made to suffer because of the prominent part their father had played in the world of his time.

Once, in Central Africa, he poured out his heart on the subject. It was on the Uasin Gishu plateau. The day before the Roosevelt party had run into the *safari* of an old and devoted friend, Carl Akeley, sculptor and big game hunter; and Roosevelt and Akeley, having been charged by a herd of elephants and having shot four of them when they wanted to shoot but one, were sitting alone in the shade of an acacia tree waiting for the return of their men with the necessary equipment for skinning the beasts.

Roosevelt had seen nobody from home for six months and he was hungry for news. He talked of his family, especially the boys. He was worried, he said, by the fact that the boys would be handicapped all their lives long by their father. "They will have a hard row to hoe," he said. "I have been so much in the public eye and—for better or worse —have taken such a large part in public affairs that the boys are bound to suffer. Everything they say and do will be looked at critically. The more successful I am, the more what influence I may have lives on after I am gone, the harder things will be for the boys."

He paused, looking wistfully out over the open bush country, the wide, rolling prairie that was the *veldt*.

"And yet," he exclaimed suddenly, "By George, I believe that they will make good!"

He had a right to his faith; for it was soundly based.

MENDING YOUR BUSINESS

(*Continued from Page* 31)

company about $100 to train a man; when he quit before he was proficient that was wasted. The committee of the house that worked on the problem estimated that here was a loss that, in a year, cost the workers of the whole plant about $14,000 in dividends.

Instantly remedies were sought. Veterans turned in and helped to train the new men, so that the training period was cut down to three months. And when a man wanted to quit every other man in the shop argued with him, and tried to make him stay. Co-operation among the workers, as well as between the mass of workers and the employer, became real

All sorts of suggestions for improved methods and new machines began to come in—because the workers knew, now, that they would share in the profits accruing from the economies that could be effected. And always stress was laid upon improved quality, with increased production incidental but inevitable.

Working hours were reduced, by vote of the workers themselves, first from fifty-three hours a week to fifty, and then to forty-eight. More work is done in the shorter hours; earnings are greater.

That is a typical example of Leitch's methods. There are many others. He was called in by the Packard Piano

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Company of Fort Wayne, Indiana. There had been trouble over the closed shop, some time before, and the company had anticipated a strike with a lock-out. The resulting fight had been long and bitter, and, in the end, the men had confessed defeat. But it was a Pyrrhic victory for the company. The quality of the work grew poorer and poorer. The men weren't interested; they worked just to "get by." Efficiency experts came and went, matters grew steadily worse. Both in quality and in quantity production continued to fall off.

Leitch was brought in. He explained the business policy—justice, co-operation, economy, energy, service. He organized "self-government." Within a short time production was better than it had ever been. Costs were less, and the company and the men were dividing the savings. Hours were cut, by vote of the men themselves, first to nine hours, and then to eight.

Later came a real test of Leitch's success. In 1914, after the war broke out, there was a bad period of depression. It looked as if the factory might have to shut down. The foremen met and cut their own wages. The men agreed to work on part time. Some, with heavy expenses, couldn't make ends meet, and took other jobs. But there was no ill feeling. The men, not the company, dictated the amount of the reduction of work. And when times picked up, in 1916, 168 men remained of the original force. The question of hiring extra men was brought up by the cabinet. The house opposed the plan. The men declared they could do the work—and they have. Though the company's volume of business is the greatest it has ever known it is handling it with the reduced force—and the dividends that result have placed the wages of those who remain far above the prevailing scale.

No single problem causes more strikes and more labor trouble, generally, than piece rate questions.

"A worker never knows how to act on a piece rate," says Leitch. "If he does particularly well and makes a high wage he's afraid his rate will be cut. If he falls below a certain production he's afraid of being fired. So he makes a game of beating the rate, and no one is satisfied."

In the Packard plant the men realized that a fair piece rate would be reflected in their dividends. One set worked out some improvements in methods, and suggested that their rate be cut from forty-two cents for a unit to eleven. It was done, and they make more in wages, to say nothing of the added dividends, than they ever did at the old rate.

Now, in practically every case, Leitch's rather idealistic plan got its foothold, and has been permanently adopted where thoroughly tried out, not because of its idealism, but because he was able to point out to the workers that they would make more money under it. He admits that. But he insists that ultimate success has always grown out of the appreciation of workers for justice and the square deal. He insists, too, that their conviction that they had a real voice in the government of the plant has been a vital factor.

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"I KNOW IT WORKS"

(*Continued from Page 50*)

a project; by team-work the thing was easily accomplished.

Bridgeport, also, has discovered that singing is a short cut to the hearts of the people. The Community Service has organized sings in every conceivable place, including department stores. The twilight festivals—this being the fancy Bridgeport name for block parties—combine some of the elements of songfests, dances and county fairs. Among many other things, Bridgeport boasts of the largest Hungarian colony in America. These people, being enemy aliens, were more or less under a cloud during the war. Now they are literally singing themselves back into public favor.

It is the ambition of Community Service leaders to qualify as experts so that they may be called in on recreational problems as one sends for the doctor. One such occasion arose in Bridgeport when complaints were made of the evils that had grown up in the commercial dance halls. The commission called a conference of the public-spirited organizations and the police and fire departments and introduced a note of novelty by inviting the dance hall proprietors to come and hear themselves discussed. They willingly joined the conference. During the discussion highly technical questions arose such as "What is the jazz?" The dance hall people answered these questions, illustrating with examples. The result of the conference was the voluntary agreement of the proprietors to eliminate certain objectionable dances, to close somewhat earlier and to establish an age limit for admission. On the other hand, some unfounded prejudices against the dance halls were wiped out.

A picturesque feature of the Bridgeport program is story-telling. Trained and uniformed yarn-spinners go to the parks and playgrounds and to the hospitals. Some story-tellers have a roving commission—they go about like the wandering minstrels of old and peddle their wares wherever they can find any customers. Doorsteps crowded with children—of all ages—listening to a young woman in costume spinning yarns are quite a familiar sight in this town. Now they are building a Roaming Theatre to go on a four-ton truck and take the drama all around the city.

The movement was organized only in March and its activities thus far have been largely of the summer and outdoor variety. It has, however, a program for the fall which involves the federation of all the women's clubs for leisure time activities, a re-enlistment of the women war workers and a students' league to which one thousand high school girls have already pledged their service. The organization at Bridgeport, though still of tender months, is in many ways the most promising of all.

Up the Naugatuck at Waterbury the Community Service hatches its plots in the City Hall, its most successful batch thus far being a forty-five acre athletic field in the heart of the city. This tract

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You Will Be Well Paid

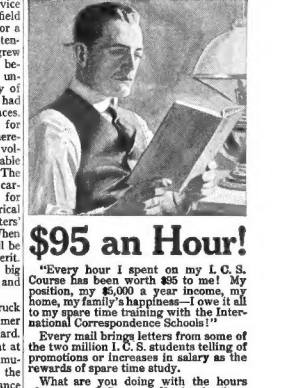
is the property of the Waterbury Brass Company. The Community Service got the company to turn over this field for the use of the working people, for a running track, baseball diamonds, tennis courts and the like. This city grew out of all bounds during the war because it knew how to make brass in unbelievable quantities. Like so many of our careless busy towns, Waterbury had not taken the time to build play-places. Even the parks were not available for use. This tract, a mile long, was therefore doubly welcome and a lot of volunteer help was immediately available for putting the grounds into shape. The factories loaned men and tools; the carpenters' union donated its services for building the locker house, the electrical workers put in the wires, the painters' and plumbers' unions did their bit. When the thing is entirely completed it will be a recreation place of exceptional merit. The people are going to harvest a big crop of fun where only ash barrels and tomato cans grew before.

The block party idea had just struck Waterbury in the middle of the summer but it seems to have struck hard. Twenty thousand people were present at a recent open-air dance. The Community Service immediately raised the money to build a great outdoor dance platform after the pattern of one at Hartford which will accommodate two thousand fox-trotters at a time. It seems likely that the platform will be erected on the new athletic field, keeping all the festivities together.

Some idea of the direction of the wind at Waterbury may be obtained from this straw. The 1919 crop of candidates for mayor have all put community service into their platforms.

These are the cities in which the movement is farthest advanced because it grew out of the war work community service. From now on towns will have to organize without that preliminary boost from the Government, yet they are doing so in surprising numbers and over the whole country. The national organization with headquarters in New York stands ready to help any town establish Community Service providing it asks for it, sending in paid organizers, helping to plan budgets and raise funds. It is always the aim of the organization to get out as soon as the local service can stand on its own feet; the ideal community executive soon works himself out of a job.

As this is written the W. C. C. S. is still holding the fort along the Pacific coast, but Aberdeen and Hoquiam, Washington, have already started in the new service. Deming, New Mexico, has asked the Community Service to move in; also Alexandria, Louisiana. In Augusta, Georgia, the city is running a playground as a preparatory demonstration. Lexington, Kentucky, has asked for an organizer; Kenosha, Wisconsin, is knocking at the door, and Dayton, Ohio, is organizing. Kansas City is agitating itself on the subject and Minneapolis wants a preliminary survey to find out exactly where it stands. Community Service has already been started in fifteen towns in Michigan.



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THE UNRULY DOLLAR

(*Continued from Page 53*)

properly to be called one thousand dollars of 25.8 grains each as if that bar were cut up into a hundred separate pieces and each were stamped into a ten-dollar gold piece. The thousand gold dollars already exist embedded or welded together in the gold bar, while the right of ownership in them circulates in the form of paper "yellow-backs."

It would therefore be little more than expressing in law an existing custom if gold coins were abolished altogether. For simplicity, we shall assume that this has been done. When, therefore, I speak of changing, from time to time, the weight of the gold dollar, the reader need not conjure up visions of repeated recoinage or visions of gold eagles of various weights jangling together in confusion in the market place. Let him rather banish gold coins entirely from his mind and think of a dollar as simply a number of grains of gold bullion in the vaults of the United States Treasury, that number changing from time to time but always definite and specific at any time, and let him remember that in actual circulation this gold bullion is represented by yellowbacks.

The abolition of gold coin would make no material change in the present situation. Gold would, just as at present, be brought by the gold miner to the mint or the assay office or other Government depository, and he would, just as at present, receive paper tokens or yellowbacks in return. This sale of gold to the Government for yellowbacks—that is, this free deposit—is really the essence of the so-called "free coinage." It is thus that gold gets into circulation through its representative, the yellowback.

Moreover, the gold in the Treasury would serve, just as at present, for the redemption of the gold certificates. The jeweler or gold exporter would, just as at present, obtain gold for his purposes by exchanging yellowbacks for gold at the Treasury.

The Government would simply vary the quantity of gold bullion which it would exchange for a paper dollar—the quantity it would give or take at a given time. As readily as a grocer can vary the amount of sugar he will give for a dollar, the Government could vary the amount of gold it would give or take for a dollar.

But, it will now be asked, what criterion is to guide the Government in making these changes in the dollar's weight? Am I proposing that some Government official should be authorized to mark the dollar up or down according to his own caprice? Most certainly not. A definite and simple criterion for the required adjustments is at hand—the now familiar "index number"

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of prices. If, for instance, the index number representing the current price of our composite basket of goods is found to be 1 per cent. above the ideal par—that is, above the one dollar price it had at first—this fact will indicate that the purchasing power of the dollar has gone down; and this fact will be the signal and authorization for an increase of 1 per cent. in the weight of the gold dollar. For what is added to the weight of the gold dollar will be registered in the purchasing power of its circulating certificate.

If you ask how I know that this 1 per cent. increase in the weight of the gold dollar is just sufficient to drive the index number (or price of our composite basket of goods) back to par (or one dollar), I answer that I don't know, any more than I know, when the steering wheel of an automobile is turned, that it will prove to have been turned just enough and not too much. Many things may interfere in a month. But if the correction is not enough, or if it is too much, the index number next month will tell the story. Absolutely perfect correction is impossible, but any imperfection will reappear at the next date for adjustment and so cannot escape ultimate correction.

Suppose, for instance, that next month the index number is found to remain unchanged at 101. Then the dollar is at once loaded an additional 1 per cent. And if, next month, the index number is, let us say, 100½ (that is, one-half of 1 per cent. above par), the one-half of a per cent. will call for a third addition to the dollar's weight—this time one-half of 1 per cent. And so, as long as the index number persists in staying even a little above par, the dollar will continue to be loaded each month, until, if necessary, it weighs an ounce—or a ton, for that matter. But, of course, long before it can become so heavy, the additional weight will become sufficient; so that the index number will be pushed back to par—that is, the circulating certificate will have its purchasing power restored.

Instead of great price convulsions, such as we find throughout history, the index number would run, say 101, 100½, 101, 100, 102, 101½, 100, 98, 99, 99, 99½, 100, seldom getting off the line more than 1 or 2 per cent.

The plan as here outlined has received the approval of a large number of economists and business men and business organizations of influence, including President Hadley, of Yale University; a committee of economists appointed to consider the purchasing power of money, Frank A. Vanderlip; George Foster Peabody; John Perrin; Henry L. Higginson; Roger W. Babson; John Hays Hammond; John V. Farwell; United States Senator Robert L. Owen; the late Senator Newlands; Sir David Barbour; the Bridgeport Chamber of Commerce; the Waterbury Chamber of Commerce, and several other influential business bodies.

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